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NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL FEATURES

WE who have millions of acres to spare cannot realize the crowded conditions in China. There every square inch of land is cultivated and must yield its uttermost. Victor Murdock will tell of it in August.

FACTS—facts about the Armenian massacres, an incredible story of ghastly cruelty and cold-blooded horror gathered in Constantinople by our correspondent, Melville Chater, will be told by him in the August number.

AMERICAN Couriers, alert young boys selected from the Army—veritable "King's Messengers"—now constitute a section of American diplomacy abroad. Of them and their adventures Charles Rosebault will write in August.

Editor: JOHN S. PHILLIPS
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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE JULY, 1920 VOL. XIV, NO. 7

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THE NEW RED CROSS MAGAZINE

WOUNDED

By Martha B. Thomas

WHAT is my brain if it now cannot serve me,
Earning a place, since my body is frail?
What are my thoughts but the iron to nerve me,
Steeling my will, lest it falter and fail?

We who have dared all the deaths that were sent us,
We who were trusted and cruelly tried,
Though they have bowed us and broken and bent us,
We shall live on when our bodies have died.

We who were dragged through the dregs of destruction.
We who were caught to the skies like a breath,
We are possessed of a peace and instruction
Passing the knowledge of angels and death.

What is my brain if it now cannot serve me,
Earning a place, since my body is frail?
What are my thoughts but the iron to nerve me,
Steeling my will, lest it falter and fail?

Decorations by Eduard Edwards VOL. XIV JULY, 1919 NO. 7

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HOME FROM FRANCE
Painted by Aneus MacDonall

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The French Woman and Her New World

F R E E D O M

A Story of Unprecedented Endurance

By Ida M. Tarbell

MY COMPANION had business—Red Cross business—with Mademoiselle L'Hotellier, the directress of the General Hospital of Cambrai.

She soon came—a short, quick-stepping, rosy-cheeked woman, with great dark eyes and lips that would have been full if long experience in determined action had not thinned them. The white band under her dark blue veil was white as snow, and if her gray nurse's suit was at least three sizes too large she wore it with distinction. As she waited, standing, to hear the errand, she looked in spite of her uniform the picture of a busy, vigorous American woman executive, with something added—something of spiritual dignity which radiated from her like an atmosphere.

The business was soon over and then, quite by accident, came the inevitable reference to the war. She could give no information later than August, 1916; she had not been in Cambrai between that date and November, 1918.

"But Cambrai was occupied," I exclaimed. "How could you leave?"

"I did not leave," she said, smilingly, "I was taken. They had condemned me to death, but they let me go, as you see. They made it hard labor instead."

Perhaps it was the tears that sprang to our eyes, the look of sympathy—and curiosity—in our faces that made her drop her reserve, for she sat down and then, little by little, came out another one of those tales of woman's heroism that, now the war is over, are piling up day by day in France.

"They came upon us so suddenly. You will remember perhaps—the 26th of August, 1914, the town was entered and surrounded. A few soldiers were left in the retreat, and 107 of them took refuge with me in the General Hospital where I was directress. Concealing a soldier carried with it a death penalty, and the Germans made it very clear that there would be no mercy for one caught in the act. Of course, that made no difference to me. It was my duty to protect them; what did make me anxious, however, was that they might be discovered. I knew if that happened the men would resist and if they did Cambrai's fate might be that of Louvain and Liège—you see, I could not let them be taken.

"The Germans came to the hospital almost at once. 'You have soldiers concealed here, Madam,' the officer in charge said.

"'No, Monsieur,' I answered, 'I have only my sick'."

The amazing dignity, the big eyes, the something quite superior in the little woman seemed to have disarmed the officer, for he took his men away; but suspicion remained. Again and again they came back, often unexpectedly, but always she disarmed or outwitted them. It was a fortnight before the threatened search was made, and when it came it was thorough. They went from room to room, opening doors, sounding walls, prying open locks. Mademoiselle L'Hotellier accompanied them, leading the way everywhere, answering all their questions—calm, steady, unhesitating. They had gone over two floors of the great place and found nothing. Her soldiers were on the third. They could not escape. Quite naturally and unexcitedly, she remarked to an attendant on the second floor, as she passed, to take the men down by the stairs of the farther wing and to conceal them on the first, and it was done. When the searching party reached the upper floor they found nobody and they went away convinced that the directress had told them the truth.

"I was very tired here when they left," she said, putting her hand on the back of her head.

There were other narrow escapes. One day a soldier saw a searching party making its way to a ward from which it was impossible for him to escape. He jumped into an empty bed and pulled the clothes about him.

"That is not a sick man," said the officer.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," she replied. "See how white and haggard he is! He is tubercular." The soldier had chosen wisely, for over the bed was the word "Tuberculosis."

Again a German officer came into her office when she had beside her at work a French officer in civilian clothes. The German sat down and she, between them, went on with her work.

But she saw that this could not go on—that inevita-

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Mademoiselle L'Hotellier who, at her hospital in Cambrai, concealed French soldiers, conveyed messages under German eyes, and for this endured two years of imprisonment in Germany, all with undaunted courage

bly some incident would arouse suspicion and the hospital would be raided and possibly razed, so she called the men together. "My children," she said, "you must go. Tell me what your trades are." One was a butcher, one a lawyer, one a schoolmaster, etc. That night she sent out to those whom she trusted in Cambrai for the proper costumes for butchers, lawyers, schoolmasters, etc., with the tools of the trades. In two hours 200 costumes were in her hands. That night through the different doors and gates of the place 87 of her 107 went out to mingle with the citizen population of Cambrai. The remaining twenty were ill in her hospital, and there they stayed until one by one they were fit to leave, as their fellows had done.

But the going of the soldiers did not end her activities. Week after week, month after month, there slipped into Cambrai English or French soldiers or civilians on various missions, and it was with her that they found shelter and from her they received the information they sought. Here she received and sheltered those who had escaped through the kind offices of Edith Cavell. Here Edith Cavell sent her information and requests.

There was a secret wireless station in Cambrai. "Not mine," says Mademoiselle L'Hotellier, "but through my hands went many of its messages." One day, when she stood reading one of these communications, a German officer suddenly stood by her side. Quite naturally, without change of color or of voice, she talked with him, answering his questions, paper in her hand. Finally carelessly she threw it toward the paper basket. It fell at his feet. "I was quite wet through with perspiration when he went away," she said.

During all this time she had concealed between the ceiling and the floor in one of the wings all of the uniforms and equipment of the 107 soldiers whom she had sheltered the night that the Germans entered Cambrai. At the end of eighteen months she determined that she must somehow get rid of the compromising collection, for unexpected investigations of the premises were constantly being made. She accordingly called together ten of her attendants in whom she had absolute confidence and told them that that night they must bring to the great heating apparatus of the hospital all of the uniforms and all of the equipment that would burn and the rest must be buried. This was actually carried out in one night and no trace that the Germans were ever able to discover was left behind.

For two years the sheltering of soldiers, the receiving of messages, the passing on of information went on, and along with it went the handling of the great hospital. All the sick of Cambrai came to her, and she tells with pride how they never lacked anything which they needed. She had been very clever. Before the Germans could complete their requisitions in the town she had drawn 5,000 sheets from the population, had called in great supplies of medicines, and had estab-

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lished such communication with merchants that milk and eggs were never lacking. Again and again the enemy demanded this or that from her, but always they were met with the same firm, "That is against your own code, sir; these things belong to my sick. You cannot have them,"—and they never took them.

"I suppose," she says, "that if it had not been that I kept everything in my own hands I could not have gone on as long as I did, but I always went to the door myself night and day. Not one of my attendants was ever allowed to see or accompany the searchers, to answer a question. It was I—always I that they saw. And then finally, in August of 1916, a treacherous fellow in the town betrayed me. They came one day and took me and twenty soldiers with me. They walked me through the streets, a soldier on each side, and I was very proud, for all the men in Cambrai took off their hats as I passed and the women wept."

Mademoiselle L'Hotellier was taken from Cambrai to Valenciennes where for three months she was kept in solitary confinement. At the end of that time she was brought back to Cambrai for trial, on five counts, each of which under the German code carried the death penalty. That trial must have been a wonderful sight—the great hall of the German headquarters, the general himself in full uniform as president of the tribunal, the general staff at his side, a jury of high rank, and the white-faced little prisoner hardly more than five feet with her great dark eyes of a child, and her fringe of blond hair peeping from under the border of her nurse's veil.

> *I AM the richest woman in the world. I am free of everything that enslaves and encumbers. I know now how little material things matter. I know now how insignificant death is. Certainly I suffered, but to suffer in my body was nothing. I have descended into hell and I have learned not to fear it. It is thus one reaches Heaven and knows himself master of his fate.*
>
> *Mademoiselle L'Hotellier*

"The general was much surprised when I came in. 'You,' he said. 'You, Mademoiselle L'Hotellier? It is not possible! Why, you are young and little.'" And I think he added "beautiful," though she does not say so. "'I thought you were old and large.' It was very funny. They always said that. I think they thought I must be seven feet high with gray hair and fierce eyes."

She was given a lawyer to defend her. "You must tell me everything," he said.

"I have nothing to tell," was her answer.

On two counts they had the proofs. She had been discovered concealing soldiers and arms; but the Germans accused her of more—of conducting a wireless station, of receiving messages, of giving information, of having accomplices. She steadily and firmly lied. They were particularly determined to discover her accomplices. Every pressure was brought to bear, every promise of mercy given, if she would but reveal those who aided her. "I worked alone—no one aided me," her only reply was. Her assistants and associates in the hospital were brought in; Mademoiselle L'Hotellier grows very eloquent here. "Oh, they were splendid," she said. "They knew nothing—they gave no signs," all of which means, of course, that her steadfastness and simplicity had communicated itself to them. They were her worthy followers.

She was condemned on two counts. "You see, I defended myself well on the others—the best I could. And always I said to them, 'You have no proof.' If it had not been for the jury, I suppose I should have gone to death, but the jury commuted my sentence to hard labor." If it is true, as the ex-kaiser says, that on the death of Edith Cavell he ordered that hereafter no woman should be executed whatever her military crime, the mercy shown by the jury is explained.

It was in November of 1916 that Mademoiselle L'Hotellier received her sentence to hard labor. For two years she suffered a martyrdom such as few women even in this epoch of martyrdom suffered. She was taken into Germany and moved from prison to prison—eight in all. For months at a time she was kept in damp cells, the only light being a high window in the ceiling. "It is curious," she said, "but you know the only physical effects of my experience of which I am now conscious is a weakness of the eyes. I sat always with my eyes lifted to that little streak of light. There was freedom there——."

Evidently the Germans had set out to break her will, to force her to ask for mercy, to betray her accomplices, for every variety of punishment was tried on her. For weeks she was kept on starvation rations. "It is so hard to be hungry," she said. "You have no idea. They used to try to tempt me after I had had weeks of it, telling me if I would but confess all that I had done, that they would release me."

"You were never tempted?" I said.

"Tempted! Madame, that would have meant slavery. You see, I learned wonderful things—those days I spent alone in their cells. I learned to be perfectly free of the things that make slaves of us. Why, Madame, I am the richest woman in the world. I am free of everything that enslaves and encumbers. I know now how little material things matter. I know now how insignificant death is. Certainly I suffered,

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but to suffer in my body was nothing to what my suffering would have been had I sold myself into slavery. I have descended into hell and I have learned not to fear it. It is thus one reaches Heaven and knows himself master of his fate. Freedom, Madame, that is the greatest of riches—freedom and health!"

It was the soaring of a soul in a realm to which many turn their eyes and into which few dare to venture.

"They could not bear it—the Germans—that I was stronger than they; yet I think that they respected me. I remember a man—a sergeant—who said to me, 'Madame, if you were a German woman the Emperor would call you to his side.'

"There were worse things than hunger. Once they sent me for three months into a barracks where they confined street women who were diseased. It was hard labor there, waiting on these women, scrubbing their floors, washing their garments, and it was very cold for they had taken all my clothes but a slip and an apron and a handkerchief. I slept in a room with thirty of them and never—never—had I dreamed that there were such things in the world as those I heard from their lips. It was dreadful at night, for sometimes soldiers came to them.

"Late in 1917 they took me back to Valenciennes. There was a beautiful and wicked woman in charge of the prison there, and I think it was a matter of professional pride with her to break me. I think she hated me because she could not do it. One night she brought into my cell a woman who was dying and let the poor creature's life end beside me. In the morning she came to me and asked why I did not ask to be put somewhere else. She said she would remove me if I asked her. I said, 'No, Madame, I ask nothing.'

"FINALLY at Valenciennes I fell so frightfully ill that I was transferred to a hospital. There were sisters in charge of it and they were kind. They all thought I would die, but I meant to live—I meant to live and escape. *Vouloir c'est pouvoir*, Madame. For six months I worked on my plans. As I grew better and could walk a little they let me go into the garden. Finally I asked them to let me put on my nurse's costume, for curiously enough in all my wanderings my belongings had gone with me, even to my umbrella. I walked in the garden day after day quite naturally, until the guards were used to me. Then one day I walked out of the garden into the town. The guards did not notice. The sisters closed their eyes. I did this often always returning, until one day late in September, 1918—I cannot tell you the date; you see I had lost track of dates—I walked out as usual, nothing in my hands, and did not return. I walked on and on through Valenciennes into the country toward Belgium. Everybody supposed me a lady on an errand of mercy. Sometimes I asked a lift from the Germans themselves. I rode in their camions; I slept sometimes in their quarters. In the weeks before the armistice I walked more than 300 kilometers—and I was very happy always. For you see, Madame, I was free. It is a wonderful thing to be free in your soul; To know that nothing—nothing that the world can give you, or that you can suffer—matters; that you have had it all and that you have conquered it all; that they have done their worst and they could not break you. To know this and to be alone on the road! Oh, I was very happy.

"Then came the armistice. I was trying to get to Holland, but at that news I turned and hastened to Cambrai. And would you believe it, Madame, when I arrived here, although my old hospital was uninhabitable and my city in the condition you find it—its very heart burned out—I found I was still the directress of the General Hospital of Cambrai! They had refused to choose a successor. All my attendants, all my helpers were there. They came flocking around me. 'We were waiting for you, Madame. We knew you would come. We knew they never could conquer you.' You may believe that I was happy then. We went to work at once to find a building that could be used until the city could rebuild the General Hospital. You find us in what was once the hospital of a sisterhood. The mayor told me to take it. Come and see how we have patched it up."

AND so we followed her. It was one of the hundreds of wonderful old public buildings in northern France that have been shot through and through by shell and bomb. Not a pane of glass had been left in its great windows. There were gaping holes in its sides. Its roof had been ripped in place after place. But this brave little woman attacked the ruin with the same undaunted spirit that she had met her German accusers. She and the force that had been waiting for her for two years or more had cleaned up one wing. They had scraped the town for bits of wood and rolls of paper, and with these scanty improvised supplies—a nail when they could get one, a brick used for a hammer—they had worked night and day to make the place weather proof.

"Now and then, of course, we had a carpenter," she said. "When I heard of one I went out and took him by the ear and led him in to help us. We had to be quick, you see, for all my poor old invalids were scattered in huts and caves in and around the town. You see how snug we are now. And now come and see my old people."

There were four wards of them—old, old men; old old women—crippled, blind, bed-ridden. Those who were able were hugging the big iron stoves which Mademoiselle L'Hotellier had somehow found for each room. As we came in, all that were able rose to their feet; those that saw, twitching the arms of those that did not see to make them know that there were visitors. They were very happy. "Oh, we are well off now and Madame is taking good care of us. How could any one help being happy now that *'they'* are gone."

"You see," she said, when we went out. "They say 'Madame' as children say mother," and they did. We made the rounds from top to bottom—saw all of the brave make-shifts, the ingenuous adaptations. Mademoiselle L'Hotellier accompanied us to the end.

"You are very brave, Madame," I said.

"I am very happy, Madame," she replied. "For I have the greatest of all things—*FREEDOM*."

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AMERICANISMS

By Angelo Patri

WORK

AMERICA stands for work. Our forefathers came to a wilderness. Trees, rocks, wild animals, heat, cold, and storms faced them. Every pioneer man and woman carried a gun in one hand and an ax in the other. They knew how to use both. They cleared the forests, built their homes, and laid the foundations of the America of to-day. They knew the value of things in terms of work. It was not who you were that counted. It was what you did.

When John Smith started Jamestown with a group of soft-handed gentlemen, there was trouble. These young men had never worked. They did not know how and they did not want to learn. But the country offered no place for idlers. There was nothing to eat unless you went after it. There was no shelter unless you made it. No clothing was on hand to replace the fine dress rapidly wearing out. It was work or starve. John Smith set them to work. The workers won out. The idle ones died or went away.

From the beginning America said, "Work."

To-day America stretches from sea to sea. Great railroads span the land between. Cities tower at the mouths of our harbors. Factories glow day and night turning out thousands of needful things. Our ships are in every harbor of the world. Our machines are used in every land. Our automobiles and airships cut down the distances and bring us closer to all the peoples of the world.

Work, work, work, all done by the people of America. But the masterpieces of America are her human products, her men and women. Her lawyers sit in the grave councils of the nations, and their words are words of wisdom. Her doctors go out over the world carrying healing and comfort to suffering humanity. Her women keep step with the men. Her machinists, her workers, are carrying the world on their shoulders. They are America. It is not who you are that counts. It is what you do.

Yesterday America was at war. The whistle blew! Time! The job was done. America straightened her back, wiped her brow, and smiled. Peace had come.

To-day America faces the biggest job of her history—the work of Peace. To it, America! Speed up your wheels, your ships, your soul!

All together, full steam ahead! It is not who you are that counts. It is what you do.

SIMPLICITY

THE great things of the world—men, or women, or mountains, or ideas—are simple. They are easy to understand. They are exactly what they say they are. They do not pretend. They "come clean."

The founders of America were simple folk. They landed on a rock that became the corner-stone of a great nation. They gave it a simple name—Plymouth Rock. Their dress was very plain. They had few changes. The style did not change. You would know a Pilgrim Father and Mother if you met them anywhere to-day. And you would take off your hat to them.

Their houses were simple. First the log hut, then the stately colonial house. These houses were not crowded with useless furniture. They had open spaces. The walls were not cluttered with odds and ends of pictures. They were like the people—strong, simple, restful.

Benjamin Franklin said that too much was as bad as too little. One could live in but one house at a time, sit in one chair at a time, wear one coat at a time.

Isn't it true? Too many things, too many plans, choke up our lives. You know people who are so busy taking care of their things that they have no time to live. Some folks do not know, at the end of the day, whether the sky was blue or gray. They did not hear the song-sparrow although he sang bravely. They did not glimpse the road border of dusty mulleins and sky-blue chicory and ox-eye daisies. Too busy. Daily they miss the salt and savour of the earth. They have forgotten the simple, beautiful things.

America was founded in simplicity by the Puritan Fathers. It was visioned in simplicity and greatness by Abraham Lincoln. Last year Americans were laying down their lives for a simple truth—the freedom of humanity must be sure. Work and hunger and thirst and life and death and love, the simple facts of life are stripped for action.

We stand again on Plymouth Rock.

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Arabian minute men. These Syrian farmers answered the call of Emir Feisal to fight against the Turk. Below, Emir Feisal—the fifty-sixth in direct generation from Mohammed whose three years' work of statecraft and indomitable fighting for the Allies have won him an honored place at the Peace Table in Paris

AN ARABIAN

By William

EMIR FEISAL, thirty-two years old, in his queer Arabian hat made up of little sticks covered with silk, sat at the Peace Table in Paris by might of right, after having actually outlived the sheerest fancies of Arabian tales

In those tales the youths of Arabia, for their bravery or wisdom, were rewarded with gold or with the hand of the caliph's daughter; but what one of them was ever asked to sit down at a table with the world's greatest men and to help decide not only the welfare of his own people but of the whole great world?

I saw this young man, in real life, clad as a European except for his headpiece, walk down along the great table in the Hall of the Clock, on the day when President Wilson read the articles of the League of Nations to the waiting world, find the seat that had been marked

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KNIGHT'S STORY

G. Shepherd

for him, pick up a document which he handled with long, slender fingers, and glance over it just as any other human being might do; then calmly look about him with huge brown eyes, while the greatest statesmen of the earth found their places also at the same table.

I wondered at the time if the thrills that would have come to any ordinary young man of thirty-two under the circumstances were chasing themselves up and down his spine. I think they must have been. Even a youth of the fifty-sixth direct generation of Mohammed—for the real, honest-to-goodness eyes of Mohammed himself were vicariously beholding this gathering of world's statesmen through the eyes of Emir Feisal—must have been thrilled by taking part in such a world-encircling drama; and by the knowledge that, true to his blue blood, he had won the right to be there.

Plunging into the midst of Emir Feisal's story we must go back five hundred years—which isn't much when we consider that he traces back his ancestry over twelve centuries—to the conquest of the Arabs by the Turks. The Holy City of Mecca and the other great historic cities which they had not already ruled, sacred both to the Moslem and the Christian, fell into their hands. The Arabs became a conquered people. About twenty years ago the Turk, for the first time in the five centuries, began to mistreat the Arab. Taxes were imposed beyond reason. Efforts were made to kill the Arabian tongue. Grafting rulers were put over the haughty Arabs, and the Turk showed himself at his worst. In vain the Arab asked for home rule. The more he asked, the more cruel became the Turk. And then revolutionary societies began to grow up among the Arabs, secretly, in the desert camps and in the great Arabian cities.

In the Holy City of Mecca lived the president of all these societies. He was no less a person than the great Hussein himself, eldest of the fifty-fifth direct generation of Mohammed, ruler, in name, of Mecca and that long narrow strip of land along the Red Sea, of which that city is the capital, known as the Hejaz. He, too, worked secretly, of a necessity, against the day when the Turks might be driven out and the Arabs have again their own cities, towns, and deserts.

And then came the Great War among the Christians. The Turks were drawn into it after a time, and they,

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in their turn, drafted into their armies the Arabian youths of Syria and Mesopotamia.

"This is the jahad, the great Holy War, come at last!" cried the Turks. "We must stand together, Turks and Arabs. On against the Christians!"

And so they sent the Arabian youths to Gallipoli, to fight the British and Australians, and to Europe. But into Arabia, in the places of the Arabian youths, the Turks sent—Turks!

There was a great, quiet rustling among the secret societies of the Arabs, which the Turks did not hear for a time. But one day, in rifling the French consulate in Damascus, the Turks came across a list of names which someone, with criminal carelessness, had not destroyed when the French consul fled. It was a description of all the leaders of the revolutionary cause. The wholesale hangings that followed were as cruel as the Turks could make them. In all the great Arabian cities and towns Arabs who had dreamed of the day of freedom were taken out to the nearest gibbets and strangled.

AND this was while Arabian youths, in the Turkish Army, were fighting for Turkey and—God only knows why—for Germany.

Secret murmurs went across the deserts, through Nazareth, through Bethlehem, through Bagdad, through Aleppo, through Medina, through the streets and bazaars of Holy Mecca, ran along the Red Sea, along the little River Jordan, along the desert roads where the caravans labored, and came converging to the ears of Hussein, the Holy Master of the Moslem, in his Holy House in the city of Mecca.

"We must rise against the Turk. You must help us."

Cries as deep as this come from way down low in the hearts of a people; Hussein, who is a wise man, knew this.

So he called his eldest son, Emir Feisal, who one day will be ruler of Mecca if he lives long, and told him to go to Damascus, where the societies were strongest and whence the loudest whispers of revolt had come, and feel out the strength of the revolutionists.

"See if there is any hope of success," he ordered.

This was in the autumn of 1915.

It was no easy thing for Feisal to do, to carry out those orders. When he reached Damacus, he knew he must be the guest of Jemal Pasha, the Turkish ruler of Arabia. He must live in Jemal's palace there, with its courtyards, its marble floors and lacquered ceilings, its palms and fountains, its soft-slippered servants and its Oriental luxuries; he must dine and smoke and take coffee and talk lazily and long with the Turkish tyrant while, all the time, he must be communicating with the heads of the secret societies and sending news, almost daily, to his father in Mecca, or receiving secret messages from him. How he did it he alone knows. That palace of Jemal Pasha became a place of intrigue. Faithful Arabian servants carried messages in the soles of their slippers; telegrams came that seemed to have one meaning but had another. But not a day went by that Feisal did not send some news to Mecca, or communicate with some of the revolutionists. All the time Jemal thought Feisal favored a Holy War, and wished to join in with the Turks, even to the point of betraying Germany.

Then came Verdun, the evacuation of Gallipoli, the fall of Kut-el-Amara, the blackest days the Allies ever knew; and Hussein, ruler of Mecca, sent this noble, ringing message to his son, in the house of Jemal:

"The Germans are winning. If they *do* win, this world will not be a fit place for an Arab to live in. Even the deserts will become unholy. We must fight the Turks. Within three weeks I will have an army ready for you at Medina. The Turks will think that we are preparing this army to enter a Holy War. It is your duty to go to Medina and take charge of this northern army of the Hejaz; on the sixteenth of June you will take Medina, and I will call upon the Arabs in Mecca to arise and seize their city from the Turks."

This was in the year 1916.

If any one at the Peace Table doubted the diplomacy of Emir Feisal, let him consider the next three weeks which the young man spent in the home of Jemal; and let him think of that day when, it being time to go to Medina to take charge of the army gathered there, he said to Jemal, "We have an army at Medina, ready for the Holy War, and my father has asked me to go down there to review it and take charge of it"; and also let him think of the explosion in Feisal's mind when Jemal answered, "That is splendid! I will go down to Medina with you to assist in the review."

There was no denying Jemal. He ordered out his special train and, with a splendidly garbed suite of officers, they departed for Medina, as Emir Feisal's guests! And Feisal knew that, according to his father's schedule, he must within two days attack Medina, with its Turkish defenders numbering 25,000 men.

On the parade ground outside Medina, the 8,000 Arabs cavorting on their Arabian horses, lumbering past on their camels, their thousand-hued coats and robes flying in the wind, shooting off their rifles and shouting wild Arabian cries, gave Feisal a bad day.

THEY wanted to kill Jemal Pasha, right there on the spot, with all his officers. They said so, out-and-out, in their wild cries. But Jemal and his Turkish officers did not understand Arabic. They smiled and smiled at the gayety of the scene before them and at the prospect of the Holy War and did not know that Emir Feisal, by all the signs he could secretly give, was saving their lives. No Arab may let harm come to a single hair on the head of his guest!

That night Feisal slept in the house with the Turks to save them.

The next day, as they were about to take the train back to Damascus, Feisal heard that some of his wildest men were out in the desert ready to seize the train and massacre the Turks.

Solemnly, he climbed into the train, saying:

"I am going back to Damascus with Jemal Pasha."

The train went through unharmed. Thus an Arab protects his guest.

But Feisal has told his friends since that day that he

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A street in Jeddah, where Husseiv's worshippers rose against the Turk and utterly routed him on July 16, 1916, after word had gone around among the bazaars that the day of Arabia's freedom was at hand

was greatly worried when the train drew into the Damascus station.

Had Jemal Pasha or any of his officers discovered the hostility of the Arabs? Had they learned, by anything they had seen or heard, that the Medina army was not to be an army in a holy war but that it was to be an anti-Turkish, anti-German, pro-Ally army and that, within a few hours, it would strike its first blow for the Allied cause?

Back to Jemal's house went Emir Feisal, wondering whether he was going to prison, but true to the Arab code of hospitality.

As they entered the house the young man said to the Turk:

"Excuse me a moment, sir. I wish to go into the bazaar."

He went out into the street, without molestation, and made his way on foot to the railroad station; a train, as good luck would have it, was departing for Medina. Before the Turks realized that Emir Feisal was gone from Damascus, he was one hundred and fifty miles away. Late that afternoon—for this day was the fateful sixteenth of June and Feisal, during all his trials of hospitality, knew that his father Hussein would be staking his life this afternoon on the taking of Mecca and that he would be expected, before sundown, to have his try at Medina—Feisal alighted from the train, hurried out to his camp, and gave orders to his troops to

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advance and storm the city. He had 8,000 against 25,000.

He failed to take it! By dark his cause seemed lost; and he and his men were a fugitive army, hurrying down toward the Red Sea.

June 16, 1916, was a bad day, indeed, for Feisal. The Peace Table and all other human honors and hopes seemed far removed. Down in Mecca his father had succeeded. Going into the bazaars Hussein, personally, and all the direct descendants of Mohammed—there are 1,500 of them—had sent out the whisper that, on the afternoon of June 16, the Arabs were to rise and crush the Turks. And, at the appointed time, the Arabs in Mecca and the surrounding towns brought out their rifles—for each Arab has a rifle—and before night, even though the Turks had shelled the Kaaba, the sacred shrine in the centre of the city, the Arabs had defeated the Turkish garrisons and had taken 7,000 prisoners. It was the biggest battle Mecca ever saw.

Part of Emir Feisal's army which helped Christianity to regain its of Mecca from the Turks. These are the camels that drank water

Feisal started with his men toward the sea; the Turkish railroad which ended at Medina began to pour Turkish troops into Medina; the Turks were preparing to march down along the camel roads to Mecca to crush Hussein. Feisal seemed helpless.

The British War Office records will have to erupt some day and tell all of the next part of our story. I could get only a little of it. But this much is true:

When Feisal was down there by the Red Sea with his men, short of food, short of water, short of ammunition, and with no great supply of hope, a quiet young English explorer from a good old British school came along. His name is Lawrence. He spoke Arab like a native, having spent half a dozen years in the desert places digging, and no Arab browner than he.

"Don't march south to the aid of your father," he advised Feisal. "March north, out of the Hejaz, up into Syria and call upon all the Arabs to join you. Syria is not your father's country, but every Moslem knows your name and every Arab will rise to your call. The British are up there in the north"—Lawrence meant the forces with which General Allenby later captured the Turkish Army—" and, if you show yourself strong, I am sure they will help you."

Then and there in the little Red Sea village, talking with this tanned British relic digger, Emir Feisal made the decision that brought him at last to the Peace Table in Paris. Lawrence went up to Suez for supplies while Feisal sent out a secret cry to the Arab chiefs in the north. His messengers, looping back into the desert on their camels, passed through the Turkish lines, crossed and recrossed the railroad, and finally reached every tribesman in Syria and many in Mesopotamia.

The British, by this time, at Cairo and along the Suez Canal, thanks to Lawrence, were sending machine guns and ammunition down the Red Sea to Emir Feisal, with plenty of flour and food.

Soon the time came to march forward. There were thousands of camels and perhaps 15,000 men. Their trail went through bleak, hot sand, in a country in which there was no water to drink, though the briny Red Sea was always on their left. So many camels and men could not carry water enough to keep themselves alive during a hundred-mile march, but I have a story to tell about the British Navy.

A British transport from Suez, hugging the shore during this long march, kept her condensers chugging away, night and day, clearing the Red Sea water of its salt and changing it into soft fresh water, fit for camels and men. Every few hours the big transport would come to a stop. Lifeboats would be lowered from her side, and lines of hose would be run down into them. The lifeboats would be pumped as full of fresh water as was safe. Three or four British jackies, with oars, would climb down into the filled boats and, sitting on the seats with water almost up to their waists, they would row to the hot sandy shore. Soon the laboring

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holy cities in Palestine, after they had recovered their own holy city from the rowboats which came inshore from the British transport

army of camels and thirsty men would come along the beach. The camels would bend their long necks to the rowboats and bail them out faster than ever a sailor worked, while great tins of fresh water would be opened for the Arab soldiers.

Now and then, as the Army moved, it would find rowboats ashore with great supplies of food to be cooked, and fodder for the camels.

Before many months had passed Feisal's army was approaching the tip end of the Red Sea. By moving inland, occasionally, and breaking up the railroad, blowing up Turkish trains, and looting the cars of Turkish supplies, Feisal was protecting his father down in the south. By looping out into the desert and coming up behind Turkish units, Arab bands bothered the Turkish Army desperately and made themselves seem ten times as strong as they were.

At last there came the time when the town of Akabah must be taken. It is one of the tip end ports of the Red Sea; the other tip end port—for the Red Sea branches at its northern end—is Suez, where the British were.

Lawrence went on this expedition to take Akabah; there were only 300 men on camels. They looped far into the desert, almost 200 miles, to throw the Turks off their guard. Then, when they had caravaned north of Akabah, they dropped down on it, with an army that had grown every day through additions of Arab farmers and villagers.

The British Foreign Office and even the great British generals at the western front, busy as they were in the autumn of 1917, rejoiced to hear of the fall of Akabah. No one but Emir Feisal and Lawrence, the British relic digger, would have believed the thing possible. But Akabah fell into their hands almost without fighting.

Lawrence—he is a colonel now in the British Army, and no one knows as yet what further rewards he will have for his faith in Emir Feisal and the Arabs—as soon as he came into Akabah, saw that there was no food. Within a few hours on a fast camel, with four of his trusted soldiers, he was out on the desert, starting on a hundred-and-fifty mile trip to Suez.

Two days later—seventy-five miles a day in the desert!—Lawrence, dirty, unshaven, cocooned in dust, clad like an Arab, rolled into Suez on his camel. There were great doings down at the railroad station. General Allenby, fresh from London, had just come to town to take charge of what was later to be the great drive on the Holy Land. Would Lawrence, tired, dirty, unknown and—strangest of all—unofficial, have to meet Allenby, tell him the whole wild story and beg him for a ship-load of food? Would red tape defeat him and Feisal?

Luck was with Lawrence that day. On the station platform with General Allenby, engaged in the ceremonies of such an occasion, stood Admiral Wemyss, with whom Lawrence was slightly acquainted. As soon as Wemyss was through talking with Allenby, the bronzed Englishman, looking like nothing but an Arab, approached him.

The admiral, when he heard Lawrence speak, squinted his eyes and finally said in effect:

"Good Lord, Lawrence! I wouldn't have known you. What's up now?"

"We've taken Akabah," said Lawrence. "We must have flour and food and money for our troops."

Things don't go slowly in the British Navy.

"Fine!" said the admiral. "I've got a transport in the canal you can have. I'll fill her up to-night and to-morrow morning she'll push off for Akabah."

And she did.

Akabah gave Feisal his first toe-hold with the Allies. Coming up the Red Sea, he had been fighting, from the Allied viewpoint for himself alone, with results that did not seem to be of great importance to the Allies. By his small victories he had not proved to the satisfaction of the Allies that he was with them heart and soul, and

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that, in his name and that of his father, there would be no Holy War.

But Akabah proved it. There was Feisal, on the British right flank. His camel-mounted Arabs could rush around in the hottest sands on the hottest days, while the British and Australian Tommies had to lie still in their shelters just to keep themselves alive. Feisal and his army became the flying right wing of the British. All of General Allenby's fears, that the Turks would come up on his right while he was moving toward the Holy Land along the Mediterranean, disappeared; there was Emir Feisal to shield him.

There are long delays in desert fighting. Spring and autumn are the only times when armies can move and fight, and then only for a few weeks at a stretch.

General Allenby, with the support of Emir Feisal, decided, in the winter of 1917-1918, to wipe out the Turkish Army in the fall. This meant taking Nazareth and Galilee and places that are as holy to Christians as is Mecca to the Moslems.

And Emir Feisal was to help at the task.

Feisal, with 2,000 men, went on camel far inland into the desert in the late summer of 1918. There were heat and flies that no white man could have endured except, perhaps, a man like Lawrence. Indeed, to see this slender Emir Feisal sitting there at the Peace Table in Paris, as slim and spiritual in appearance as any man of all the world's masters there, it is difficult for an onlooker to realize just wherein his desert endurance lies.

This time they went up north, behind the Turkish army that was facing Allenby; they went almost to Damascus. And one night they cut the railroad, where it branches in three places; the only railroad line by which the Turkish armies down below could get their supplies. They blew up bridges for miles, a dozen or more of them. They blew up long stretches of tracks. And then they fell back into the desert, to await Allenby's drive, by which he hoped to take the whole Turkish Army.

But the Turkish airplanes found them. Nine machines spent most of their time over the huddled Feisal army. Camels were blown to pieces, and many men. Feisal's life was no safer than another's, nor Lawrence's. By good luck Lawrence had arranged that, on a certain day, General Allenby was to send an airplane over to Feisal's army to get reports. On this day, at the appointed time, Lawrence went out on a camel to meet the machine. It came, a speck in the sky at first, and finally it landed, and a spick-and-span British officer stepped from it.

"You stay here," said Lawrence. "My servant will take care of you. I must go to Allenby myself to ask him for airplanes and to make my report, personally."

Before the officer could protest Lawrence was in the plane above the desert and, within a few hours, was taking with Allenby face to face.

"We must have airplanes over there," he told the general, after making his report. "If we don't stop

A camp of Emir Feisal's camel drivers. In such a camp as this lovers of Turkish woven stuffs and Turkish rugs might have found enough "saddle bags", etc., to satisfy them for life

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those Turkish planes our Arab army will dissolve into the desert. The men say they can't stand still and be killed from the sky."

"Have you got any airplane fuel over there?" asked Allenby.

"Not a drop."

"All right! I'll send three planes and a cargo of petrol to you in the morning. And day after to-morrow I'm going to start my drive. Keep the railroad line broken until then."

Lawrence flew back to the waiting and dusty officer, and took the good news to Feisal in his tent.

It was five o'clock the next morning when the whirr of airplane motors sounded over the Feisal camp. Three big machines landed and six hungry men clambered down to the sand.

"First thing we'll do is have breakfast," they said to Lawrence, who had come out to meet them. They began to unpack their food bags when, in the distance, they saw five Turkish machines coming for their daily slaughter of Arabs and camels.

"We finish breakfast after we get those fellows," said the airmen.

With their meal half finished they went into the sky and, within the next half hour, Emir Feisal and his Arabs saw five Turkish planes come tumbling down out of the sky.

Then the flying men came back to breakfast.

They had barely got started again when two more Turkish machines appeared. Again they left their breakfast and, within another half hour, two more Turkish machines were wrecked on the desert sand.

Then they came to eat again.

At 10 o'clock, though they had begun breakfast at five, the meal was finished. And so was the Turkish airplane squad, because it was discovered later that the pilots of the remaining two Turkish machines had burned up their planes in their hangars rather than go up, with English machines in the neighborhood.

So Feisal in the desert guarded the broken railway line and kept it broken, kept his fingers on the jugular vein through which flowed the life blood of the Turkish Army, while the demoralized, unfed, and unsupplied enemy was being taken by Allenby, 90,000 strong.

All Christendom rejoiced at the victory because holy places, which Christian knights of old had fought in vain to regain, fell into Christian hands again after centuries of desecration.

The Turk was finished.

And so this Arabian Emir Feisal sits at the Peace Table, representing not only the Hejaz of his father and his ancestor Mohammed, but the Arabs of Syria and Mesopotamia, an entirely new grouping of Arabs, which he himself has achieved.

DECORATED BY BOTH SIDES

THE star Arabian general of Emir Feisal is named Jaafar. He is a huge Arab, all fight, who requires a tremendous horse to carry him. Jaafar, of necessity, went with the Turks in the early war days. At Gallipoli he commanded a division that played havoc with the British. For this the Germans gave him the Iron Cross and sent him to command the Senussi in Egypt. One day the Dorset Yeomanry, in one of the few real cavalry charges of the entire war, cut through Jaafar's troops and captured the great Jaafar himself. He was taken to Cairo and put in prison. When he had been a prisoner for eight months Emir Feisal, the Arab, decided to come in with the Allies. Jaafar pleaded with the British to release him so that he might fight with Feisal. The plea was granted and Jaafar fought so valiantly with the men whom he had opposed in Gallipoli that the British awarded him the Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

"I've thrown my Iron Cross away," Jaafar said, when awarded the British decoration.

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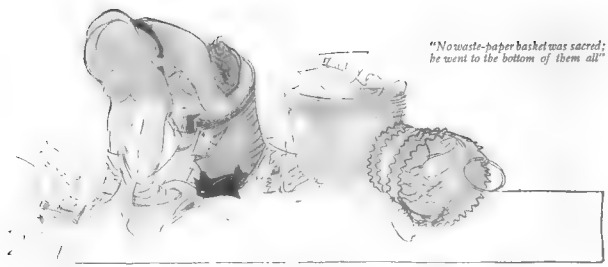

"No waste-paper basket was sacred; he went to the bottom of them all"

BRAD & DUNK, JUNKMEN

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

"I—I—I yish *we* eated yimburger cheese at our house," said Billy Brad one day at dinner.

"Horrors! Limburger cheese!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "What ever makes you think of such awful things, Billy Brad?"

"Why, it—it's got tim-foil onto it," said Billy Brad eagerly.

"There!" cried William Bradley, Senior. "There! Now I know why you have been watching me, Billy Brad! You're one of the foil-hounds. And you," he said to Mrs. Bradley, "thought it was measles!"

"And you," said Mrs. Bradley, "thought it was father-worship, 'a phase'," she quoted, "'through which all boys pass when five years old, my dear.'"

For several days Billy Brad—which is to say William Bradley, Junior—had been haunting his father. The moment Mr. Bradley reached home and lighted his pipe, Billy Brad attached himself to his father and began the haunting business. His big blue eyes watched Mr. Bradley fill his pipe, watched his lips as he puffed the blue smoke into the air, and sighed a sigh of happiness whenever Mr. Bradley emptied the ash from the pipe and filled it again.

"I can't imagine what makes Billy Brad act so," his mother had said. "I do hope he is not going to be sick. Of course I know how he admires you, William, but he has never been content to be still so long without talking. He does not seem to be able to take his eyes from your face."

"Perhaps the dear little kid is afraid I am going to war," Mr. Bradley had answered with some emotion. "Five-year-olds have strange ideas. *He* does not realize that I am too old to be called. To him I am still young and brave and a man of might. It is touching, to me, to see him. It is father-worship—a phase through which all boys pass when five years old, my dear."

"I only hope it isn't measles coming on," Mrs. Bradley had said.

It was neither measles nor father-worship; it was, as Mr. Bradley phrased it, the "foil-hound" waiting for his prey, which was the tin-foil lining Mr. Bradley's package of tobacco.

For some weeks after that it was tin-foil only—"tim-foil for the Ted Twoss"—and Billy Brad hoarded it and gloated over it, carrying it to the kindergarten every Friday morning. He developed the "tim-foil eye," a product of the war.

He could see, on the sidewalk or hidden in the deep grass, specks of tin-foil so minutely insignificant that Mrs. Bradley could not have seen them with her reading glasses. He would stop and examine a grain of sand that sent up an illusive sparkle. He rescued, gloatingly, from the sandy clay of gutters, strange, damp wads of decaying paper and gloried as he separated, from between the paper and its half-inch caking of mud, fragile bits of tin-foil.

He haunted the kitchen, standing on chairs to investigate the inner linings of cracker cartons and tea packages and food parcels, seeking tin-foil. No waste-paper basket was sacred; he went to the bottom of them all a dozen times a day. Mrs. Bradley even caught him gazing longingly at the Carter's full garbage pail, as if its depths might be concealing tin-foil. He asked his mother if the silver backs of Mr. Bradley's hairbrushes were tin-foil. He had designs on them.

One day, when school had closed, Billy Brad came running into the house.

"Mamma," he cried excitedly, "I want *all* the old yags, and *all* the old bottles, for because me and Dunk——"

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"Now, Billy Brad," said Mrs. Bradley, "I will *not* have you rushing into the house like this, slamming the screen door. And you must not say 'Dunk.' Mrs. Carter does not like to have him called 'Dunk.' His name is Duncan. You *must* call him Duncan."

"Yes'm. Duncan. And—and—and me and Dunk——"

"Duncan and I."

"Yes'm. Duncan and I. I *yallers* say Duncan and I. And—and—and me and Dunk we're going to be the yunkmen. And—and I'm going to own it, and—Dunk's going to own it, and—and we're both going to own it, but—but I'm going to own it the mostest because I got my wagon, and——"

"Not 'mostest.' You must say 'most.'"

"Yes'm. 'Most.' And Dunk's going to own it mostest, too, for because he's olderer than me. And—and we is both going to own it the mostest, and and we want some old yags——"

"Rags, not 'yags.' And anyway I have no time to get old rags for you now. You can play junkmen if you wish——"

"In *our* yard?" asked Billy Brad.

"I much prefer to have you play in our yard," said Mrs. Bradley. "But remember this, Billy Brad, I don't want you to take a single rag out of this house without asking my permission. Now go out and play with Duncan."

SHE was glad Duncan Carter was willing to play with Billy Brad, for Duncan was a clean, bright boy and older than Billy Brad. He was eight years old and sedately correct in his mode of speech, and Mrs. Bradley was beginning to be worried by Billy Brad's wholesouled abuse of the English language. He no longer said "ump-a-ump" for "elephant," having improved it to "yellumpump," which was quite a notable stride; but this and the ability to say "yi-yoss-er-yoss" for "rhinôceros," instead of "noss-er-noss," had marked a distracting and increasing fondness for the letter "y". He was now able to begin almost any word, from "apple" to "zebra" with a "y", and seemed to glory in "yapple," "yebra," and similar errors of speech. Mrs. Bradley hoped that association with Duncan Carter would correct such things as Billy Brad's perfect impartiality in calling both a lemon and a gentleman by the common name of "yemmon."

Mrs. Bradley was also glad that Billy Brad and Duncan were willing to play in the Bradley yard, for Billy Brad had reached the wanderlust age and was only too eager to be far and away whenever possible. He often came home from his jaunts abroad far from clean, and the Bradley yard was such a neat, clean place for the boys to play. Mr. Bradley saw to that. His greatest pleasure, on these long daylight-saving days, was to clip the neck of the last unruly blade of grass that raised its head above its fellows, or to capture and destroy the lone fallen leaf that marred the immaculate neatness of the yard, front or back. He boasted that there was but one other such yard in Westcote. That was Mr. Carter's yard. It, too, was speckless. Mr. Carter and Mr. Bradley were friendly but keen rivals in this matter. People spoke of their yards with awe mixed with envy.

When Mr. Bradley came home the night of the establishment of the junk firm of Brad & Dunk, he gave one look at his back yard and entered the house with a rush.

"See here!" he cried. "Where's Billy Brad?"

"Now, please!" said Mrs. Bradley. "Don't be angry until I explain."

"I want to know where Billy Brad is!"

"I put him to bed——"

"Without his supper, I hope! Did you see that yard of mine? Old tin cans, rubber boots, dirty rags, old iron——"

"I put Billy Brad to bed because he was so tired and so—soiled," said Mrs. Bradley calmly. "I gave him a good bath and put him to bed and he was asleep in a minute."

"And what are all those old sardine cans and tomato cans doing out there? You know I want that yard kept neat."

"Now, William, just one minute. I told Billy Brad he might do that."

"You told——!"

Mr. Bradley dropped into a chair. He could not believe his ears.

"It is just a game he is playing with Duncan Carter," said Mrs. Bradley. "He asked me if they could play junkman in our yard and I said they might. I had no idea they would gather the old tin cans from the vacant lot——"

"They did that, did they?" said Mr. Bradley, grinning. He could picture Billy Brad—the cunning little tyke—hunting through the tall grass, pouncing on old tin cans with cries of joy.

"I was at the Red Cross all afternoon," Mrs. Bradley said, "and did not get home until a few minutes ago."

"Well, 'man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward'," quoted Mr. Bradley, "when he has a five-year old boy."

"A man doesn't have a five-year old boy when he is born," said Mrs. Bradley pleasantly, for the storm might have been much worse. She had feared it would be.

NO MORE was said about it until after dinner, when the dishes had been washed and Mrs. Bradley sat at one side of the living-room table with her knitting and Mr. Bradley at the other side with the Westcote *Eagle*.

"They did enjoy it so, William," said Mrs. Bradley, looking up.

"Who enjoyed what?" asked Mr. Bradley, his eyes still on his newspaper.

"Billy Brad and Duncan. Playing junkman," said Mrs. Bradley. "It is so *sweet* the way those boys have their temporary enthusiasms. To-day this junkman game was the only thing of importance in their world, and to-morrow they will be just as wild over something else."

"And I will have to clean up the yard. These sweet but temporary enthusiasms——"

The telephone bell interrupted him.

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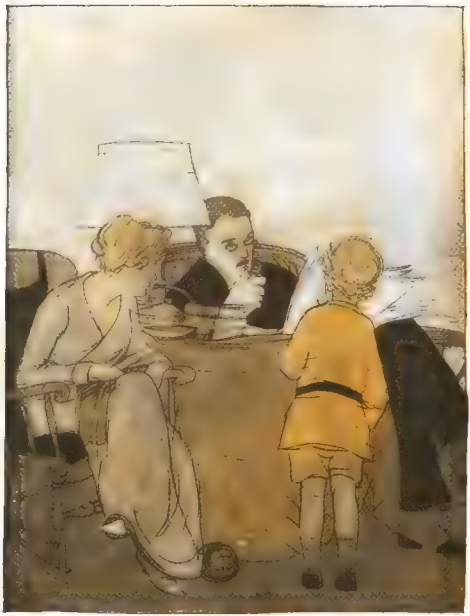

"The moment Mr. Bradley lighted his pipe, Billy Brad attached himself to him and the 'father-worship' began"

"I'll go," said Mrs. Bradley.

"Never mind. I'll go up. It's probably Carter, wanting to guy me about the look of my yard."

In a few minutes Mr. Bradley came down again.

"That was funny," he said. "Some smarty neighbor that saw my yard, I suppose Tried to tease me. Asked me if I was the junkman. I hung up on him. If a man thinks it is a joke to make a tired man climb a flight of stairs——"

The telephone bell at the head of the stairs rang again. Mr. Bradley jumped from his chair and hurried to the telephone. He was gone longer this time, and Mrs. Bradley heard the sound of his voice. He came down holding a piece of paper in his hand, and picked up the evening *Eagle*.

"Somebody I never heard of, named Caggerty, 268 Willow Street," said Mr. Bradley, with annoyance. "He insisted he had the number right. He told me to look on the third page of the *Ea*—Hello! Well, by George!"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bradley.

"What is it? It's those boys," said Mr. Bradley. "They are *some* boys. Didn't you see this in the *Eagle*? They're advertising."

"Advertising! What for?" asked Mrs. Bradley.

"What for? For more junk to decorate my yard with, that's what for. Listen to this: 'Brad & Dunk, Junkmen. Junk will win the war. All kinds of old junk wanted free. We get it and give it to the Red Cross. Rags or old newspapers or iron or bottles or old tin cans or anything like that. Telephone to Mr. William Bradley's house or Mr. James Carter's house and we will come and get it. We need lots of it!'"

Mr. Bradley looked at his wife.

"Oh," she said, rather weakly. "That was why they had to go downtown this afternoon."

"I suppose," said Mr. Bradley with emotion, "they will sell only in carload lots. That's the way junk is usually sold, isn't it? They won't sell until they have a carload of old tin cans in my back yard, and a carload of old newspapers, and a carload of old rubber shoes. They didn't say anything about moving the house over against the fence and building a railway spur into the back yard, did they?"

Mrs. Bradley did not answer this gently sarcastic query. The telephone bell interrupted her. Half an hour later she called down the stairs to Mr. Bradley:

"Bring my knitting up when you come, William; I

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don't think I'll come down again while the telephone bell keeps ringing—Yes, hello! Yes, this is Brad & Dunk. It's their mother speaking. Yes, I hear—Walker, 628 Overton Place. I'll tell them. Thank you."

Late that night, when Mrs. Bradley had returned to bed after answering a very late telephone call, Mr. Bradley spoke.

"I don't believe it will be as bad to-morrow night," he said hopefully. "Nearly everyone in Westcote must have telephoned to-night."

"And some must have telephoned to Carter's," said Mrs. Bradley.

"But on the other hand," said Mr. Bradley, "they will all probably telephone every time they have any canned thing for dinner. And every time their old rubbers are ready to discard. And every time they have another old newspaper. Forever and ever! Years from now people we never met will be telephoning us to come and get their worn-out coffee pots. When we are old and gray people will call us up at midnight and ask us to send for their old bed springs."

"And once he was, at one and the same moment, a dog barking at the horse, the horse kicking at the dog, and the yunkman"

The next morning, before hurrying for the train, Mr. Bradley went out with his son to view the junk yard. Duncan Carter was already on the spot. With the crisp, polite manner of a successful business man he discussed with Mr. Bradley the future of the firm of Brad & Dunk, Junkmen.

"I pessoom, the way telephones are coming in," said Duncan, "we will have considerably more junk than we expected to have, Mr. Bradley. It looks like it."

"And—and I'm going to be the horse, ain't I, Dunk?" said Billy Brad eagerly.

"I thought you were a partner," said his father.

"Yes. I'm a parpner. And I'm a horse. And—and I'm one of the yunkmen. But Dunk, he ain't a horse."

"Well, it is for a good cause," said Mr. Bradley, "and I'll let you use the back yard until peace is declared and for six months thereafter, as the war legislation puts it. You see that rose bush and that clothes-post? You may use the space back of a line drawn between them. An imaginary line, of course."

"And—and—and *I'll* draw-er the yimagery yine," cried Billy Brad, "for because I've got a yed-pencil——"

"An imaginary line, son," said Mr. Bradley, "does not have to be drawn. It is a line that is not there."

"Yen—yen *where* is it, papa?"

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"It is not anywhere. You just think it is there."

"Here?" asked Billy Brad, placing himself midway between the rose bush and the clothes-post.

"Yes, there."

"But—but I don't *not* shink it's here," said Billy Brad, and he took three long strides forward. "I shink it is *here*. For—for because I can't not shink a yimagery yine is anywhere yelse."

"Very well," said Mr. Bradley. "I'll not quibble. Either place will do. But you must not pile junk in front of the imaginary line. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," said Dunk promptly, but Billy Brad hesitated.

"But—but——" he questioned; "but, papa, what if a great, *big* wind come and blowed the yimagery yine all—to—pieces!"

"If that happens," said Mr. Bradley, "or if you see a great, big wind coming up, you'll have to take a couple of great big pieces of imaginary iron and put on the imaginary line to hold it down."

The firm of Brad & Dunk, Junkmen, did a prosperous business. As a horse Billy Brad was an untiring draft animal, and it was remarkable how he could, upon arriving at one of the telephoned addresses, imagine himself standing hitched to the wagon, with his nose in an imaginary nose bag, switching imaginary flies from his flanks with an imaginary tail, while, at the same time, he was the junkman and threw tin cans into the wagon. Many people seeing Billy Brad's jaws working, thought it was Billy Brad, the junkman, chewing gum, when it was Billy Brad, the horse, munching oats. And once he was, at one and the same moment, a dog barking at the horse, and the horse kicking at the dog, and the junkman driving the dog away from the horse. They were happy days for, all the while, he was also Billy Brad, gathering junk to sell for the Red Cross.

Duncan Carter managed the firm's finances and transacted the vital business affairs of the firm, arranging with Rizzo, the real junkman, for the sale of the gathered junk. This was probably preferable, since Billy Brad was still unconvinced that a nickel was not more to be desired than a dime, being bigger. The money the two lads secured for the Red Cross was considerable and their spirit and the novelty of their doings helped greatly in more ways than one.

There came a time, however, when Duncan Carter fell a victim to the dread ravages of measles and was forced to accept temporary internment in his bedroom. A willing substitute offered himself in Ted Hinman, but a substitute far less particular in some matters than Duncan was. He was less particular, for one thing, regarding the vested property rights of fathers and yards of which they are inordinately fond.

Mr. Bradley came home one evening to find the tin cans and old newspapers straying far beyond their legal limits. This was exasperating. It was too much!

"Where is Billy Brad?" he asked the moment he entered the house.

"In bed," said Mrs. Bradley. "I'm sure he is not asleep yet; I just tucked him in."

Mr. Bradley went up the stairs two steps at a time.

"Hello, papa," said Billy Brad, popping straight up in bed. "I—I was a horse, and—and my shoe comed off, and—and I haded to go to a bwacksmif—"

"Now, wait!" said Mr. Bradley. "You can tell me about that later. There are tin cans almost out to the front gate. Didn't I show you a line—"

"Yes. It was a yimagery yine," said Billy Brad eagerly. "And—and I couldn't not find yany yimagery yiron to put down onto it, and a great, big storm comed up, and the wind blowed the old yimagery yine clear across the street, and—and I hunted for it, and I couldn't not find—I."

"Now, hold up, Billy Brad," said his father. "You know that is not the truth. There was no wind. It happens that I had my office windows open all day and I would have felt a wind if there was one. There was no storm, and there was no wind. Wouldn't I have known if there was, Billy Brad?"

"I—I was a horse, and—and my shoe comed off—I haded to go to a bwacksmif"

Billy Brad looked up into his father's face with his honest, big blue eyes.

"No, papa," he said. "For—for because it was a yimagery wind, and—and *nobody* can't not feel a yimagery wind."

He paused a moment.

"But," he added cheerfully, "a yimagery yine can."

"Why can it?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"For—for because we needed more room for yunk," said Billy Brad frankly.

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Captain Stephen N. Bobo, with the 27th Division, who with his men made a record for daring Red Cross work

Captain Bobo and twenty of his Red Cross men were cited by France for exceptional heroism under fire

BOBO OF THE WHIZ-BANGS

By Frank Ward O'Malley

FROM somewhere along the edges of a tumultuous olive-drab cloud, blown by Atlantic winds from France all the way to the port of New York, a fragment detached itself on a recent sunny morning, floated into a taxicab, and was driven to the heart of the bustling hotel centre of Manhattan. Amid the excitement of wafting the entire olive-drab cloud from the decks of the transport to the pier, the fragment in the taxicab had been gone from the waterfront for at least half an hour before even the most inquisitive "ship news" reporter remembered to ask the rest of the cloud, "You've someone named Bobo with you, what? Old Cap'n Steve Bobo, who's been decorated by France for exceptional bravery and everything? Where's this Bobo person at?"

He wasn't at anywhere, at least so far as the transport and the pier crowd were concerned. Consequently in the first rush of "catching the edition" there was nothing left for the interviewers to do but to hurry back to Newspaper Row and begin to delve among the filing cases packed with long envelopes in a department of editorial offices known sweetly as the "morgue." In the particular newspaper "morgue" I have in mind there was only one envelope of clippings marked "Bobo," a name not quite so commonly met up with in New York City as every-day names such as Smith, Brown, Jones, and Black. Inside the envelope were half a dozen clippings about Bobo. From

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A distribution of socks and other good things from the Red Cross warehouse at Busigny to the men of the 27th Division Captain Bobo in the centre

the headlines on the clippings one learned variously that some years ago there was "Grave Fear In Cuba Over Bobo," that "Bobo Wants Presidency of Haiti;" furthermore that "Two Hour Fight Makes Bobo President of Haiti," that——

"Listen, Lester," interrupted a learned someone as I was voicing my troubles aloud, while unsuccessfully trying to isolate some human facts about this Bobo person. "Listen! Never let Steve, the jolly old hero of St. Souplet and all points east, know that even for a minute you once had him mixed up with Haiti. Haiti is a black republic. Steve Bobo is a Suthenah—Memphis, Tennessee. Originally from Bobo, Mississippi, on the line of the Southern Railway; in the general vicinity of the railway, rather, and thence by hired hack."

And thereupon my interrupter proved that if ever he tired of his editorial job on the paper he could at any time sign up as Guide to the Morgue. Without pausing even to look at notes he told me in two or three paragraphs the life history of Old Cap'n Bobo, a scion, he said, of innumerable roamers who, originally named Beaubeaux and always seeking adventure and therefore traveling light, had gradually, during their far rambles to quaint quarters of the earth, scattered along the trails even the excess baggage in the family name, until nothing was left but Bobo.

Steve, the boy, had listened to the tales of adventure from his father, experiences under feathery palms and in the long blue shadows of igloos, where his father had wandered, and his father's father, and his great-grandfather's dad before that. Wherefore when young Steve Bobo walked out of the University of the South—"Sewanee"—with his diploma, he headed straight from the commencement hall to the heart of Honduras with a surveying party. Thence to Chili, where he started for Sidney on a trading schooner, but liked the little ship so well that he bought a controlling interest in her en route; to the Christmas Islands, where Skipper Steve Bobo converted his schooner into a trader instanter—and made a little money on her; was wrecked off Easter Island and, with five companions, had to swim seven miles to land, Old Skipper Bobo and four of his friends being compelled during that swim to help keep afloat betimes a sixth, whose swimming technique was poor.

Then back to Chili aboard a passing convict ship; once more in Memphis long enough to get a shave and be manicured; to the interior of China, where he made a little money; tiger shooting in India; to the Philippines; thence to Hawaii, where he bought swamp lands, parcelled the property and sold it to the Chinese tara farmers, and made a little money on that; back to the State of Washington on a hydro-electric venture and made a little money on that; to ranching in the San Joaquin Valley of California, and made a little money. . . .

One April day, while Old Cap'n Bobo was resting up by enjoying to the full the comparatively peaceful occupation of breaking a bucking broncho, he was interrupted by Woodrow Wilson and the entire Congress of the United States. Said Woodrow to Steve:

"And for these and other reasons too lengthy to go into here, I wish to conclude by remarking that a state

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of war now exists between these more or less United States and the Imperial German Government—and may the Lord have mercy on their souls," or words to that effect.

"But" (my editor-morgue-guide-historian now speaking and approaching his peroration) "when Bobo, the subject of my sketch, jumped off the bucker and tried to enlist, the army doctors at San Francisco turned him down."

HARD luck but the natural thing, I mused, as I thought of and pitied the poor old captain. What else could the wise army doctors do but turn the old man down? Those adventures of his all over the hemispheres naturally had eaten up the old gentleman's best years and had left him a gray-haired, grizzled, and venerable veteran, just when the greatest adventure of all history was about to unfold.

Still, come to think of it, here was the old captain home from the wars on a troopship in the year 1919 and wearing the *Croix de Guerre* and things. How had the old man done it? Curiosity never killed a reporter; I telephoned every caravansary with an adventurous sounding name to be found in the metropolitan district, from Ye Olde Spy Inn, down near Raritan Bay, to the Flagon of Blood, up near Yonkers, and thus it was that I found him at last in a suite in the newest and most luxurious hotel in the world. And as I was shot up to his floor in a lift that moved as noiselessly as a gas balloon, I pictured (as one will) the unknown: bushy white eyebrows over beady black eyes, cheeks sunken and wrinkled like a full portion of stewed tripe, springhalt knees, and waistcoat buttons protruding amidships like the belt buckle of a prosperous member of a governor's military staff.

Someone or other opened the door leading to the old gentleman's suite—a fat-cheeked lad who might have been in his teens or twenties but as broad of chest as a real adult. And the lad was slim of waist for all his wide shoulders and sturdy little legs, and he was cherubically chubby and, despite his ridiculous youth, possessed of a far-seeing gleam in his eye.

"Captain Bobo? Yes, I am Captain Bobo," the boy was insisting. Blankly I gazed beyond the child into a room littered with a discarded uniform, cardigan puttees that were shockingly disreputable, hand bags that were partly open and spilling army shirts. There seemed to be no father or grandfather present. And so it took me a long time mentally to readjust, to get back to first principles and start all over again.

"But—but years in the South Seas, in India?" I was muttering. And three minutes later, or long enough to have grown sufficiently acquainted to permit of asking personal, ill-bred questions, I wished aloud to know why he was wearing the nifty magazine advertisement clothes instead of a uniform.

"Because," answered the plump and pink-cheeked young captain, "this war, so far as I am able to help, is finished and I am on my way back to my ranch in California to-night."

"There's a grill downstairs in this hotel, Captain. Ever take one?"

"Doggone it, you've talked me into it. Come on."

So we found a table along the wall in a quiet corner and tapped the bell. . . .

It seems that back in 1917, although young Stephen N. Bobo felt certain that Commander-in-Chief Woodrow Wilson and the Congress had been talking to him personally on that fateful April day, then Mr. Bobo could not convince an examining board of army surgeons at San Francisco that such was the case. The way the army doctors talked to him after going through him with a dark lantern made the young man wish ardently, in fact, that instead of being a poor little anæmic lad, who could do nothing but swim seven miles and sail schooners through typhoons and knock over tigers, he were one of those brawny athletes who had trained indoors on stenography, dress-goods salesmanship, and cigarettes and therefore were being uproariously welcomed into a selective service army by local draft boards.

"But," cried young Mr. Bobo in effect, "I'm telling the world fair that I want to go to France. And I want what I want when I want it. Now what other speedy way is there of getting to France besides the—Holy mackerel! I've got it! The jolly old Red Cross!"

And the venerable valetudinarian, who had been chopping down a redwood or something at the moment the inspiration hit him, instantly set a new world's record for throwing the ax across the ranch; a moment later had clipped almost two minutes off the half-mile straightaway record as he streaked back toward the shack to pack up again and return to San Francisco. And thus it was that on a black midnight in April, 1918, young Captain Bobo found himself at the rail of an unlighted transport and, as he watched the glims of New York Bay fade and sink from sight, musing blissfully, hopefully, "Maybe they'll let us R. C. lads sneak close enough to the front to get gassed and shot and everything, what?"

And "they" certainly sure did.

BUT when Captain Bobo landed in France with the First Division he had to begin very humbly by taking up the cocoa and stew business (not, however, to "make a little money"), even though upon landing abroad he immediately had applied for, and had received, a pass to the Cantigny front. In other words Captain Bobo and his fellows spent their first days ladling out vats of cocoa while entirely surrounded by "stews," a "stew" being the generic name for the ructions that resulted whenever two solid bodies of matter (the same being the Hun and the Allied armies) tried to occupy the same space at the same time. There, amid the "Cantigny stew," the "Soissons stew," the "Mt. Kemmel stew," and so on through a summer and autumn of stews and jams that ended only with the signing of the armistice, the captain and his companions not only dished out Pacifics and Atlantics of cocoa—more than 480,000 cups, and an army "cup" is a three-cup skyscraper—but, as you will see, Captain Bobo had time to accomplish other things of an importance so vast that he had to expend more daredevi

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energy and agility on any given day than "Doug" Fairbanks has used up in his entire movie career.

Before the captain could begin to work on the things he had in mind, however, he had to have a squad of assistants. By this time he had established himself so solidly in the affections of "O'Ryan's Roughnecks" that the officers and men of the Division, the Twenty-seventh, would almost have permitted Captain Bobo to use that hated nickname, "the Roughnecks," within earshot without doing murder. In fact, he did use the odious term on an occasion to none other than General O'Ryan himself.

WHAT I'd like to have, sir," remarked Captain Bobo to General O'Ryan one day shortly after the captain had arrived near the big guns, "is a gang of helpers, roughnecks, who wouldn't give a damn whether school kept or not. So I've cooked up a plan to get 'em, if you'll let me put my little scheme into action, sir. At Oudezelle I want to establish what we might call a 'Divisional Rest Camp,' which I shall fill, with your permission, sir, with these darn fine fellows whom your surgeons have to chuck out because of some little physical defect. Most of them are volunteers and all of them are fighting little sons o' guns. If, instead of sending them to the rear for reclassification, you'll turn those lads over to me, sir, we'll show you something."

Which was done. Day by day into the Bobo "Divisional Rest Camp" came the men, sad beyond measure because the surgeons had found something in their anatomical architecture which was slightly out of kilter. Daily Captain Bobo put his unpromising material through a series of setting-up exercises. Thus it was that in next to no time he had surrounded himself with a Red Cross unit of husky youngsters who, as Lieut.-Colonel J. Leslie Kincaid, Judge-Advocate of the Division, since has phrased it, "preferred to live in that part of hell which has no fire escapes." By the time Captain Bobo had completed his organization he had forty-seven men in his Red Cross unit, with every man-jack in the outfit carrying papers to prove that the only reason he was not carrying a rifle was that an army surgeon had got the fool notion the man was not physically able to stand the gaff.

Cried Captain Bobo, when all had been made ship-shape, "We're set, men! Let's up and at 'em." And forward went the fightingest band of haury Red Cross "invalids" that ever slapped a German dead and then piled him into an ambulance to try to save his life. Up with the front line fighting men, the little Red Cross band found themselves in no time, and, on occasions, hundreds of yards in advance of the front line trenches, out in a sunlit No Man's Land where any Hun who didn't like their presence there could lump it.

There was the day, for instance, when Captain Bobo won his *Croix de Guerre*, a day, incidentally, on which every one of his squad did more than enough to win the War Cross of France, too. To begin with, two French civilians, who had managed to creep out of St. Souplet while the little town was swarming with Hun patrols, staggered up to the——

"But please let me interrupt" [Lieut.-Colonel Kincaid is hanging over my typewriter and speaking enthusiastically] "long enough to straighten out this recital chronologically. Before you tell about the St. Souplet show let me stick in a word about the way Steve and some more of the nut Red Cross gang acted up during the breaking of the Hindenburg line, eh?"

"All right, Colonel, but make it snappy. Shoot!"

"Oh, shut up. I merely want to say that in the middle of the Hindenburg show Captain Bobo said, 'Presto!' and ten ambulances appeared from nowhere at a moment when, bul-leeve me, ambulances were needed.

"Colonel Montgomery, weeping for ambulances, thought of Captain Bobo. He gave the Red Cross man the high sign, and Captain Bobo just brushed aside a lot of flying metal and stepped close enough to Colonel Montgomery to ask the colonel what was on his system. 'Ambulances,' shouted the Colonel, 'but I don't know where to get 'em.' 'I do,' answered Captain Bobo. 'If you'll give me a fast car I'll flush a whole covey of ambulances, sir.'

"Colonel Montgomery commandeered General O'Ryan's racing car and Captain Bobo climbed in. The captain stepped on the accelerator and exploded toward Paris, a trip of 158 miles. And toward the middle of the next afternoon back came Bobo hellbent with ten ambulances in his wake. We were too busy then to ask him where he had got them, but when things had quieted down for a moment some days later we made inquiries. And we got this Bobo person's number. Let me tell you in confidence—don't repeat this to a soul, remember—this Bobo is an ambulance stealer. He and his gang were out and out Red Cross crooks. He had crashed into Paris, grabbed up every ambulance standing along a curb, bamboozled the drivers into believing that they were to take his orders, and had crashed out of Paris again at the head of his string of sputtering booty; and made straight for the front again at a time when I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for Captain Bobo and his ambulances."

NOR did the shameless young captain and his associate Red Cross criminals spend the rest of the evening resting after their ambulance-snatching sortie into Paris. They had had no sleep for almost thirty-six hours—they were dirty, unshaven, haggard; nevertheless, they spent that night and all the next day picking up the white-faced, shattered boys who lay among the shell holes groaning with the thirst horrors which only those who have lost pints of blood know. Back to the "battalion aid post" the lads were brought by Captain Bobo and his buddies, or variously to "first stations," which sometimes were within 200 yards of the front line trenches—to dressing stations or to the main dressing station back at "railhead." And there, thanks to Steve Bobo and his gentle Red Cross rowdies, the sufferers received thoughtful attentions, which sometimes meant a merciful anæsthetic and sometimes the grimy but gentle finger of Captain Bobo on cold, white eyelids as he closed the staring eyes forever.

Among great days, of which almost all were momentous, two distinct stretches of sunlit hours stand

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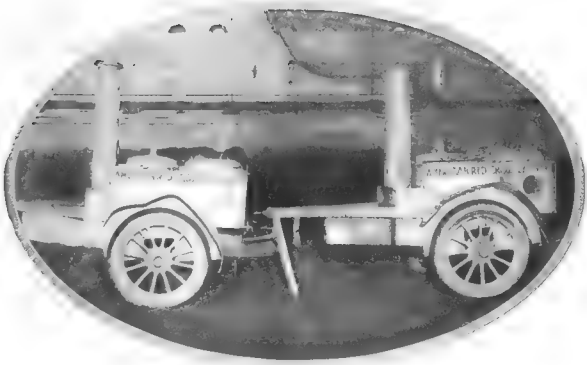

Battered, war-worn Red Cross rolling kitchens—"cocoa cannons," the men call them —which served 480,000 cups of cocoa to the men of the 27th Division during the war

out. One was the day—perhaps the lesser of the two—when, during an afternoon of fighting the Meuse-Argonne offensive, the captain and his Red Cross crew learned that if they wanted to get their ambulances out to where the wounded lay they would have to circle the toe of a wooded knoll over an open road that rained machine-gun bullets every time anything alive showed itself to the Huns concealed in the woods on the hill. But they wanted to get to the wounded and, like their doughty captain, they wanted what they wanted when they wanted it.

The unprotected road sweeping the base of the hill was, fortunately, sharply banked. Wherefore Captain Bobo and his Red Cross drivers had one of the happiest days of their blissful careers: running up to a point just this side of the beginning of the open stretch; slowing down to make bets with the "gallery," composed of fellow drivers, that they could "get away with it," and then starting the engine again and "stepping on 'er" so hard that the little ambulances would bang out into the open and whiz around the banked turn joyously, while the *pbut-pbut-pbut-pbut* of the Hun machine guns whipped the atmosphere into ribbons and the splinters from the racing ambulances flew high in air. Then they had to come back around that open turn again—if for no other reason than to collect the bag of "Bull Durham" or whatever else a driver had staked that he could "get away with it." And they went out again and back, and out and back, their ambulances looking a bit worm-eaten when the day was over but the captain and the other Red Cross drivers still all in one piece and, when night ended the sport, happy in the realization that a pleasant afternoon had been had by all.

Two of the captain's drivers—Privates Freddy Schroeder and Leo Smith, both hailing from New York City—spent part of another day in the same sort of hilarious sport when, during the "Mt. Kemmel show," word came to the little Red Cross band that a medical detachment was out beyond the hindside of No Man's Land and had been marooned there for thirty hours without food or water. Zipp went Red Cross rowdies Freddy and Leo in their tawney ambulances decorated with the big Red Cross—fairest of targets for a German gentleman. And this time when the drivers, their ambulances loaded with grub and water, came to an open stretch of road they got not only machine-gun bullet storms but Hunnish high explosives. And as they were sailing along through the metal storm on a straight stretch of open highway, a German shell exploded just ahead of them, so close that they barely had time to come to a quick stop on the edge of the crater. They were about to reverse and back off to where they had come from when another shell hit the road just behind them and made another crater.

There were Freddy Schroeder and Leo Smith on an "island platform" of the road, with seemingly nothing left to do but to abandon their ambulances and crawl to safety the best they could. They didn't do anything of the kind. Right out in the open they tugged at every sizable chunk of débris in sight and built a sort of bridge across the forward shell hole—and went onward and brought welcome food and water to the marooned detachment. And in their own good time

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they came back over their "bridge" again, jumped out and built another "bridge" of the same kind over the second shell hole and, about dusk, sailed victoriously back to their Red Cross quarters unharmed.

FINALLY there was another day that must be told of, too—although almost any day which Bobo's band spent among the whiz-bangs would by comparison make a whole summer spent on top of Vesuvius seem monotonously peaceful and uneventful. It was the day at St. Souplet when, as I was saying when interrupted by Lieut.-Colonel Kincaid, two of the stricken residents of the little town crawled back to our lines and told the Mayor of Busigny (which had just been captured from the Huns) that many civilians, dozens of whom were wounded, were hiding in the cellars of St. Souplet. None of their townsmen in hiding, wailed the two refugees, dared show himself. The German patrols were still poking about the town and their machine guns were sweeping the village streets. Shells were dropping and death threatened the hidden ones in the cellars in other ways, especially in the form of gassing, the poisonous gas naturally tending to work downward to the cellars and other subterranean passages where the men, women, and children of St. Souplet lay hidden while their town remained a bone in the teeth of the contending dogs of war.

Somebody would have to do something about it. Who was always doing something or other about something? Battling Bobo and his Red Cross band!

To dash into the streets of St. Souplet would not help much because the dash would end in a patter of lead and a bouquet of whiz-bangs that would leave nothing but a shell hole where ambulances an instant before had been. Nevertheless young Captain Bobo and his men "had" to get there. The captain called together his Red Cross band, which that day numbered only thirty-five huskies, the others being absent on other work or ill. Captain Bobo explained the situation and asked the thirty-five how many of them would care to volunteer to go into St. Souplet with him—to go up to our front line trenches in the broad light of day and beyond, on into the buildings of a town still thoroughly held by the Germans. Pause a moment, reader, and guess how many of the thirty-five Red Crossers volunteered. . . . Reader, you're a wonder: you guessed the exact number the very first time!

And so the thirty-five started forward with Captain Bobo, scooting along in their ambulances parallel to the fighting lines for a little distance and then making a dash across lots to a grove which stood at an advanced spot where, up to that time, no American soldier had set his foot. And while an amazed American Army looked on, the little band made the woods and disappeared among the trees while hell cracked all around them

Providence and Steve Bobo were with them. In the heart of the little clump of trees they found an old road which ran through a ravine to the nearest back alleys of St. Souplet. When they had come to a place where the old road climbed out of the ravine preparatory to entering the town, Captain Bobo jumped off the leading ambulance, gave his followers the high sign, and again gathered them about him for final directions. And Bobo and his band left their ambulances in the protecting ravine and began to crawl on their bellies across the last of the fields and into the town.

They followed by preference the backdoor route when they had wormed across the last field and straightened up to find themselves in St. Souplet. Even so it was necessary at times to make a dash for it across open streets, a dash that must be completed before the astonished German gentry at far ends of the streets could begin to pepper the thoroughfare with machine-gun bullets. Always, however, Battling Bobo and his band beat the bullets to it.

In the black cellars of the village they rooted around. Old women lay huddled in the underground gloom; one of them, a very old lady, had been shot through both thighs three days before and, quite unattended, lay cowering in her cellar until Captain Bobo dragged her forth and carried her back to where his ambulances lay hidden. There were old men, little children, young girls for whom the horror of their nights of hiding in the Boche infested village had a terror greater even than gas and the shriek of shells. One by one Bobo and his men carried the sufferers into back yards, through the winding alleys, back of protecting buildings, and so to the wooded ravine, where the ambulances were filled with the stricken villagers of St. Souplet and the bundles of scant belongings which they hugged to their trembling bosoms. Then the dash back through the grove and across the sunlit No Man's Land to final safety—not final for the Red Cross band, for as soon as they had carried their first load of refugees behind the American lines they turned around and did it all over again, and again, and again. For four hours at one stretch they worked like beavers to save the villagers of St. Souplet, then organized a second series of trips and put in eight hours more darting to and from the town or squirming into its alleys and cellars. And Battling Bobo and his band got the villagers finally to safety without the loss of a Red Cross man, despite the fact that the "Jerries" were systematically shelling the village from the first moment the Red Cross rescuers entered it until the last villager had been saved.

THAT was one reason why, on a sunny autumn day, the blushing Captain Bobo stood rigid on a long-neglected grain field, lines of men drawn up at attention about him. And a great French general came up to him and pinned a bit of red and green ribbon on his Red Cross tunic and kissed the young captain's plump red cheeks as he was decorated with the glorious War Cross of France. St. Souplet was but one reason, I say; Battling Bobo and his band were in so many "stews" that twenty out of forty-seven Red Cross men of his band were cited for exceptional heroism under fire. And if the reader or any one else can explain to Captain Bobo why all forty-seven were not decorated, the captain—so he has given me his word of honor—will explain the disappearance of Charley Ross.

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ROLL CALL ON THE PRAIRIES

By Willa Sibert Cather

Illustrated by Angus MacDonall

NO ONE remembers now that the "fighting spirit" of the West was ever questioned; but at the time the United States entered the war, people along the Atlantic seaboard felt concern as to how the Middle West and the prairie states would respond. Again and again I heard New York business men and journalists say that the West wouldn't know there was a war until it was in the next county: the West was too busy making money and spending it.

Myself, I scarcely realized what being "in the war" meant until I went back to Nebraska and Colorado in the summer of 1917. In New York the war was one of many subjects people talked about; but in Omaha, Lincoln, in my own town, and the other towns along the Republican Valley, and over in the north of Kansas, there was nothing but the war. Everywhere the Red Cross was fully organized and at work, the first Liberty Loan was over-subscribed, many of the young men I knew had not waited for the draft but were already in training camps. In the afternoons one saw white things gleaming in the sun off through the trees; boys in their shirts and trousers, drilling in the schoolhouse yard or in the Court House Square.

Early the next summer, when we had still to prove whether we were a fighting nation or not, the First Division, so largely made up of Western men, made our début at Cantigny; and when the casualty lists began to appear in the New York papers, morning after morning I saw the names of little towns I knew in Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado—little country towns, happy and prosperous, where nothing so terrible or so wonderful had ever happened as to drag them into the New York newspapers, towns hidden away in miles of cornfields or tracts of sand and sage; and now their names came out one after another with the name of some boy who brought his home town into the light once and gloriously. It was like a long roll call, and all the little prairie towns were answering that they were there.

When I went West again in the summer of 1918, soon after Cantigny and Belleau Wood, I saw the working out of all that had been begun the summer before. Everyone supposed that the war would go on for another year, perhaps for two or three years, and everyone was living in the war and for the war. The women were "in the war" even more than the men. Not only in their thoughts, because they had sons and brothers in France, but in almost every detail of their daily lives.

In the first place, diet and cookery, the foundation of life, were revolutionized (city people could never realize what this means in the country and in little towns). All the neighbor women began to tell me how to make bread without white flour, cakes without eggs, cakes out of oatmeal, how to sweeten ice cream and puddings with honey or molasses. When my father absent-mindedly took a second piece of sugar at breakfast, he felt the stony eyes of his women-folk and put it back with a sigh. My old friends could talk to me all day about the number of hot breads they could make without wheat flour, about rice bread, and oatmeal loafs, and rye loafs. All winter long they had experimented with breadstuffs. In New York we merely took a new kind of bread from the baker—hoping it wouldn't be worse than the last—and grumbled at the grocer because he wouldn't give us more sugar. But in the little towns, Hooverizing was creative and a test of character as well.

Out in the big grass counties of western Nebraska, where the ranches are a long way from town and it is the custom to lay in large supplies during the summer against the chance of bad roads in winter, many of the ranchers had bought their usual amount of sugar before the injunction about saving sugar was issued. They, at least, were "well fixed," as we say, and had a liberal supply for the winter in their own store rooms. But what they did was to haul that sugar back over the long roads and deliver it to the merchants. (Again, city people wouldn't know what that meant!)

"Who is Hoover? What is he? That all our wives obey him?" I doubt if the name of mortal man was ever uttered by so many women, so many times a day, as was his. He became a moral law. Every caution and injunction he uttered was published in the little county papers in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado—everywhere else, probably, but I know about those states—and the women no more questioned any mandate he issued than they would the revealed Word. In cities we took what was sold to us; but there the housewives had all the raw materials of their old liberal dietary, and they could be underhanded and use them if they chose. All the new cookery was more difficult and troublesome than the old, partly because it was new, and the results were not so satisfactory. When a woman had plenty of butter and eggs, when her husband's

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general merchandise store was stocked with flour and sugar, why should she skimp and scrape and invent to save all these?

Hoover was the answer. No wonder he got results, with every woman in every kitchen from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains watching her flour barrel and her sugar box as a cat watches its kittens. An old German farmer-woman told me, "I chust Hoovered and Hoovered so long I loss my appetite. I don't eat no more."

There wasn't a church sociable in our town all winter and spring. Late in the summer the first church supper of the year was given in the basement dining room of the Methodist Church. It was an unusually good one—lots of fried chicken with cream gravy, mashed potatoes and scalloped potatoes, half a dozen kinds of salad, white biscuit, coffee with all the sugar you wanted, ice cream, and cakes and cakes. One old lady who had "partaken" until she was quite red in the face, turned to me and said it seemed like old times to sit down to a Methodist supper once again, adding, with a twinkle in her eye, "And I don't believe he'd begrudge it to us, this once, do you?"

"He? Who?"

"Hoover."

NOT only was the cookery changed in my town and in all other little towns like it, but the whole routine of housekeeping was different from what it used to be. When a woman worked three afternoons a week at the Red Cross rooms, and knitted socks and sweaters in the evening, her domestic schedule had to be considerably altered. When I first got home I wondered why some of my old friends did not come to see me as they used to. How could they? When they were not at the Red Cross rooms, they were at home trying to catch up with their housework. One got used to such telephone messages as this:

"I will be at Surgical Dressings, in the basement of the Court House, until five. Can't you come over and walk home with me?"

That was the best one could do for a visit. The afternoon whist club had become a Red Cross sewing circle, and there were no parties but war parties. There were no town band concerts any more, because the band was in France; no football, no baseball, no skating rink. The merchants and bankers went out into the country after business hours and worked late into the night, helping the farmers, whose sons were gone, to save their grain.

Wherever I went out in the country, among the farms, the women met at least once a week at some appointed farmhouse to cut out garments, get their Red Cross instructions and materials, and then take the garments home to sew on them whenever they could. It went on in every farmhouse—American women, Swedish women, Germans, Norwegians, Bohemians, Canadian-French women, sewing and knitting. An old Danish grandmother, well along in her nineties, was knitting socks; her memory was failing and half the time she thought she was knitting for some other war, long ago. A bedridden woman who lived down by the depot begged the young girls who went canvassing to bring garments to her, so that she could work buttonholes, lying on her back. One Sunday at the Catholic church I saw an old woman crippled with rheumatism and palsy who had not risen during the service for years. But when the choir sang "The Star Spangled Banner" at the close of the mass she got to her feet and, using the shoulder of her little grandson for a crutch, stood, her head trembling and wobbling, until the last note died away.

FROM memory I cannot say how many hundreds of sweaters, drawers, bed jackets, women's blouses, mufflers, socks came out of our county. Before the day of shipment they were all brought to town and piled up in the show-windows of the shoe store—more than any one could believe, and next month there would be just as many. I used to walk slowly by, looking at them. Their presence there was taken as a matter of course, and I didn't wish to seem eccentric. Bales of heavy, queer-shaped chemises and blouses made for the homeless women of northern France, by the women on these big, safe, prosperous farms where there was plenty of everything but sons. When a people really speaks to a people, I felt, it doesn't speak by oratory or cablegrams; it speaks by things like these.

Up in the French settlement, in the north part of our county, the boys had been snatched away early—not to training-camps or to way-stations, but rushed through to France. They all spoke a little household French, which was just what the American college boy who had been reading Racine and Victor Hugo could not do. So our French boys were given a few weeks of instruction and scattered among the American Expeditionary Force at the front wherever they were most needed

Sarka Herbkova, Professor of Slavonic Languages at the University of Nebraska, did invaluable work in organizing not only the women of her own people, but all the women of Nebraska, American born and foreign born. She went about over the state a great deal for the Women's Council for National Defense and saw what sacrifices some of the farmers' wives made. She told a story of a Bohemian woman, living in one of the far western counties, who had saved fifty dollars of her egg money to buy a new winter dress and a warm coat. A Liberty Bond canvasser rode up to her door and presented her arguments. She heard the canvasser through, then brought her fifty dollars and put it down on the table and took the bond, remarking, "I guess I help fight Austria in my same clothes anyhow!"

Letters from the front usually reached our town on Saturday nights. The "foreign mail" had become a feature of life in Kansas and Nebraska. The letters came in bunches; if one mother heard from her son, so did half a dozen others. One could hear them chatting to each other about what Vernon thought of Bordeaux, or what Roy had to say about the farming country along the Oise, or how much Elmer had enjoyed his rest leave in Paris. To me, knowing the boys, nearly all of these letters were remarkable. The most amusing were those which made severe strictures upon American manners; the boys were afraid the French would think us all farmers! One complained that his comrades

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Fifty dollars saved from egg money for a needed new dress and coat went for a Liberty Bond "to help fight Austria"

talked and pushed chairs about in the Y hut while the singers who came to entertain them were on the platform. "And in this country, too, the Home of Politeness! Some yaps have no pride," he wrote bitterly. I can say for the boys from our town that they wanted to make a good impression.

A serious young man who had just come out of severe action wrote that he thought the Lord must have spared him for a purpose; but he was later killed in one of the advances before Château-Thiérry. A lively boy, the town favorite, who was dying of his wounds in a hospital on the Place de la Concorde, wrote only gay letters, telling about the charm of Paris, the kindness of everyone, and the pretty French girls who came to hold his hand and talk to him while his dressings were being changed. One happy-go-lucky lad, a third generation German, wrote often and was always having the time of his life; he had been buying laces for his mother in Paris, or recuperating in villas at Nice and Aix-les-Bains. He was coming home to Red Cloud all right, but he was coming by way of Vienna and Berlin. The butcher's son happened to be in London, and his letters were a curious mixture of information about Zeppelin raids and London monuments, and his burning curiosity to know more about the electric meat-chopper that had been put in the shop at home since he went away.

While I was at home the fourth Lovemann boy was drafted—his three brothers were already at the front. The father was a farmer, and a farmer's sons are his arms and hands; he can't work the land without them. The oldest son wrote in mournful anxiety from Paris, "If John goes, who will get the corn in this fall?" It seemed to me unfair that all the Lovemann boys should have to go. I asked a German girl, a neighbor of the Lovemanns', why they didn't try to get exemption for John. "His sister says if they got exemption, John would run away!" she declared proudly.

Early in the summer of 1917, I stopped in the

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eastern part of the state and went to see a fine German farmer woman whom I had always known. She looked so aged and broken that I asked her if she had been ill.

"Oh, no; it's this terrible war. I have so many sons and grandsons. I am making black dresses."

"But why? The draft is not called yet. Your men may not even go. Why get ready to bury them?"

She shook her head. "I come from a war country. I know."

The next summer she was wearing her black dresses.

When I was a child, on the farm, we had many German neighbors, and the mothers and grandmothers told me such interesting things about farm-life and customs in the old country—beautiful things which I can never forget—that I used to ask them why they had left such a lovely land for our raw prairies. The answer was always the same—to escape military service. That I could not understand. What could be more romantic than to be a soldier? Some of our farmers had served in the German Army in their youth, and their wives had photographs of them in their uniforms; certainly they looked more jaunty and attractive than in their shirts and overalls as I saw them every day. The women, and even the children, used to tell me stories of the brutality of officers; how their father had been spat upon and struck in the face, and made to do repulsive things. Out in Wyoming I knew a clergyman who had been an officer in the German Army and had run away while he wore the uniform, escaping from the port of Antwerp after almost incredible dangers. He was a mild, genial man, and I could not understand why he should have run such chances. He explained that his colonel, a stupid and disgusting young count who hated University men, had selected him as the butt of his ridicule, and had so abused and humiliated him that he had not the least fear of death.

These people had left their country to get away from war, and now they were caught up in the wheels of it again. No one who read the casualty lists can doubt the loyalty of the foreign peoples in our country.

IN "The Education of Henry Adams," a book which everyone has been reading, Mr. Adams says, in speaking of his student life in Germany: "I loved, or thought I loved, the people, but the Germany I loved was the eighteenth-century which the Germans were ashamed of, and were destroying as fast as they could." Our Germans in the West are nearly all people of that old-fashioned type who came away because they could not bear conditions at home. Two rich German farmers who lived on their broad acres near Beatrice, Nebraska, did say bitter things when America entered the war. They were summoned before a magistrate in Lincoln, who fined them lightly and administered to them a rebuke which was so wise and temperate and fair-minded that I cut the printed report of it out of the newspaper and put it in my scrap-book. "No man," he said, "can ask you to cease from loving the country of your birth." Sentences are commonplace or memorable according to the circumstances in which they are spoken; I thought that sentence, uttered by a magistrate at such a heated time to two blustery old men, a very remarkable one.

I heard much at home about an efficient woman in Omaha who was at the head of the Red Cross work in the state and who kept on her desk a map with colored pins stuck in the dots which indicate the little towns, and these pins in some way told her how many pairs of socks and how many sweaters Riverton, or Guide Rock, or Blue Hill, had delivered up to date. The finished garments which I saw piled in the shoe store, and in the farm houses, gave me a better idea of the magnitude of what was going on than did all the figures I read in the newspapers. Shiploads of food, shiploads of clothes — what do they mean, unless you know the fields that grew the grain and the hands that made the clothes?

NOTHING brought the wonders of this war home to me so much as the work I saw being done on what were called "refugee garments"—chemises and blouses for the destitute women of Belgium and northern France, and underdrawers and shirts for the old men. These garments were all made according to very minute instructions from Headquarters, and they were exactly like the clothes these people had been accustomed to wear. Anything more clumsy and out-of-date according to American standards could hardly be imagined. In the Red Cross rooms under the court house and in the basement of the town library, out in the farmhouses all over our great rich county, women sat day after day and made underdrawers with from ten to fifteen buttons, and worked the buttonholes.

I am sure there is not a woman in our town who makes her husband's underclothes. American women, especially Western women, have a natural intolerance of slow, old-fashioned ways; they economize in effort and in time, eliminate involved processes. Yet the women in our town made hundreds of pairs of these drawers and an equal number of other garments just as clumsy. Why did they do it? Why didn't they send the old men X.Y.Z. underclothes, such as their own husbands wore? Or explain to the Belgians that they didn't need buttonholes, and that Belgium would get on better if she adopted modern methods? Americans are never slow to give advice of that kind.

I believe, in this case, the answer is that our women simply admired Belgium too much; they had no suggestions to offer to such a people. Their one wish was that those old men and women should have the kind of clothes they had always lived in, with no feeling of strangeness. The every-day ways of a very foreign people had come through to us, who are always so sure that our own are best. A great deal of verse has been written to Belgium in this country; but when I saw our smart, capable Western women patiently making drawers with fifteen buttonholes and smiling with a kind of pride in their work, I thought that was poetry. I knew how many old feelings must have been rooted out and new feelings born, to make them *want* to do it, love to do it, in that tedious way that was against the tempo of their whole lives.

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In western Nebraska, many ranchers had bought enough sugar for winter before they knew of the injunction against saving it. When they did learn of it, they hauled the sugar back over many miles to the merchants

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HUMAN WORK AND HUMAN RIGHTS

Suggestions for the New Age of Industry

By Charles W. Eliot

President Emeritus Harvard University

THIS impressive and judicial utterance by our greatest counselor on matters of social importance was made as an address before the Committee on Social Welfare of the Massachusetts Legislature. Dr. Eliot was asked by the Associated Industries of Massachusetts to appear on behalf of the appointment of a special commission on Hours of Labor. Its publication here has his interest and approval.

I HAVE been attending for some years to the disturbed state of many of the national industries and to the resulting losses and sufferings in the community as a whole, and have frequently been in communication with representatives of each party to the industrial strife; but my real interest in all contests between capital and labor has always been the effect of such disputes and antagonisms on social welfare in democratic society. That is my point of view in what I say here to-day. As to the appointment of a Commission on Hours of Labor I favor it, but chiefly because I believe it to be inexpedient, not to say absurd, to attempt to fix by law the same number of hours for all industries without regard to their infinite diversities, or for all establishments in the same industry.

To-day we all see clearly that the war between capital and labor, or between the employing class and their employees, is getting to a stage or condition which seriously endangers the existing industrial and social structures in most of the civilized nations, and the political structures in those nations which have had no experience in the practice of liberty.

After the firm establishment of a limited League of Nations with plenty of force at command, the thing most to be desired by the free peoples, and by those who are hoping to become free, is a just settlement of the industrial strife. I propose, therefore, to put before you, in as concise a form as I can, the changes which must be brought about in the present policies and procedures of the two parties to this strife before any just and durable peace settlement can be expected. Some of these changes have already been brought about in an experimental and scattered way. They greatly need to be universally adopted.

On The Part Of Employers

1. Abandonment of every form of despotic or autocratic government in factories, mines, transportation services, and all other industries which deal with the necessaries of modern life.

2. Universal adoption of cooperative management and discipline throughout the works or plant, the employer and the workman having equal representation in managing committees.

3. Adoption by all corporations, partnerships, and individual owners of every means of promoting the health and vigor of employees and their families, including the provision of free medical and nursing service, good housing, and all feasible protection against accident, sickness, alcoholism, and vice, not as a matter of charity but as a sound business method. Prolonged education for adults who are already earning their livelihood should be included among these means.

4. Careful provision in all large services—so large as to preclude intimate relations between the employer and the employed—of the means of dealing promptly and justly with complaints of employees, whether individuals or groups. In complaint cases foremen may be witnesses, but never judges.

5. Universal use in large services of well-trained employment managers for dealing with the engagement, distribution, shifting, promotion, and dismissal of employees.

6. General adoption of a genuine partnership system between the capital and the labor engaged in any given works or plant, whereby the returns to capital and labor alike after the wages are paid shall vary with the profits of the establishment, the percentage of the profits going to pay-roll being always much larger than that going to share-holders or owners and pay-roll never to be called on to make good losses. As in ordinary partnerships the annual or semi-annual accounts should be open to the inspection of all persons directly interested. As a means of securing to employees full knowledge of the partnership accounts they should always be represented in the directorate.

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7. Constant effort on the part of managers to diminish monotony and increase variety in the occupation, from day to day and year to year, of every intelligent and ambitious employee. There is no uniform mode of putting this policy into effect in all the various industries; but there are two methods of wide applicability. The first of these is the policy of shifting employees from one task to another in the long series of tasks involved in the production of the establishment; the second is the policy of offering instruction at cost out of hours to aspiring young employees. This policy requires on the part of those who apply it acquaintance with individuals, skill in selection, and persevering good will.

8. Universal acceptance of collective bargaining through elected representatives of each side.

On The Part Of Employees

1. Abandonment of the doctrine of limited output; because this doctrine demoralizes every person who puts it into practice by never doing his best.

2. Abandonment of the idea that it is desirable for workers of any sort to work as few hours in a day as possible and without zeal or interest during those few.

3. Absolute rejection of the notion that leisure rather than steady work should be the main object of life. On this point three principles may be said to be established by the history of civilization itself: first, that a leisure class in any community is apt to become a useless or even dangerous class; secondly, that civilization advances among different races in proportion to the prevalence among the masses of the love of liberty under law, and of the habit of steady work as distinguished from the intermittent work of the hunter or the nomad; and thirdly that the higher or most satisfactory employments or occupations permit and encourage every man to work to the limit of his strength and health out of love for the work itself, or his own satisfaction in it. This is true of all the learned and scientific professions and of the higher walks of business and politics. In this respect the lower occupations need to be assimilated as much as possible to the higher.

4. The first question for any young man to ask when he is choosing an occupation is, what chance is there in the occupation contemplated for variety, interest, and instructiveness as life goes on, not in how few hours a week can he earn his livelihood in it. In other words, it is a great object in life to have an occupation which yields in itself continuous satisfaction and contentment, and at the same time is not subject to sudden interruption or ceasing at the will of other people. Of course the mental workers, whose success depends chiefly on their own capacity and industry, have great advantages in this respect over handworkers who tend machinery. On the other hand, they have but slight advantage over diligent workers in such occupations as farming, carpentry, blacksmithing, and printing, for example, in which there is large variety, and personal knowledge and skill count for much.

5. Abandonment of two conceptions which underlie the use of violence or force for winning the victory in contests between employers and employed. The first is the conception that capital is the natural enemy of labor, and the second, the conception that unorganized laborers are traitors to their class. These conceptions belong to an industrial era which is really passed. They are miserable survivals of much earlier times when hours of labor in factory industries and in farming were unwholesomely long, wages deplorably low, and the mass of the people had little control over legislation or the manners and customs of the ruling classes.

6. Abandonment of all violence toward property or persons in the prosecution of industrial disputes. It is a consideration strongly in favor of this abandonment that a strike covering the whole territory of the nation or a large part thereof has lately become possible, because of recent improvements in means of communication. Such a strike, or even the threat of it, is capable of inflicting much suffering on millions of non-combatants.

By Both Parties To The Industrial Strife

1. Willing adoption by both parties of the methods of conciliation, arbitration, and ultimate decision by a National Government Board as sufficient means of bringing about just and progressive settlements of all disputes between capital and labor. The war has demonstrated within the last two years the feasibility of adjusting disputes between employers and employed by these means. To be sure it has been under abnormal conditions that these means have proved to be temporarily sufficient; so that the immediate problem before the country is how to demonstrate that these means are sufficient under normal conditions, and that they are the only ones which a free and law-abiding people should hereafter use.

2. Recognition by both parties that a new and formidable danger threatens civilization, and that all good citizens of the Republic should unite to suppress anarchy and violent socialism and to secure to all sorts and conditions of men "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

3. General acceptance of the view that American liberties are to be preserved just as they have been won. They have been slowly achieved by generations of sturdy, hard-working people who valued personal independence, industry, thrift, truthfulness in thought and act, respect for law, family life, and home, and were always ready to fight in defense of these things.

4. Acceptance of the truth that the democracy which is to be made safe in the world does not mean equality of possessions or powers, or a dead level of homogeneous and monotonous society, but on the contrary the free cultivation of infinitely diversified human gifts and capacities, and liberty for each individual to do *his best* for the common good.

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Women who had been sheltered all their lives stood for hours, sometimes all night, to get food for the next day

GERMANY IN CHAOS

By Charles J. Rosebault

MR. ROSEBAULT had traveled extensively in the Central Empires in days when the world had no inkling of the mad purposes which were to launch upon it an avalanche of blood and tears. Equipped with a more than usually intimate knowledge of the people and their manner of living and thinking in the past, he revisited them after the armistice to observe their reactions to the war and to the new conditions arising out of their defeat. He met all conditions of men and women, including those with whom he had been on friendly terms in the past. The results of his investigations will be set forth in a series of articles in this magazine.

THE Iron Hindenburg stands in the Tiergarten of Berlin, facing the Sieges Allée and under the windows of the Reichstag, a grim, harsh figure, typical in its expression of determination, of obstinacy, of merciless "will-to-power," of the Prussianism which almost upset civilization. Clad in a coat of gleaming mail, the huge squat figure would be terrifying were it not for a large space in the back, where the underlying pine boards stand forth in all their untouched ugliness. The impression of relentless force disappears when one looks upon these weather-stained boards. After all, Thor is made of wood—and the commonest wood at that!

The making of the coat of mail stopped with the Prussian defeat. No more nails were driven when the armistice told the story of vanished hopes to even the dullest Pan-German brain. The idol was now a false boast of Teutonic supremacy. It proclaimed the vanity of human ambition based on indifference to right and decency.

Still it continued to typify the Germans. They, too, had ceased to be what they had seemed. Doubt and indecision marked the once self-sufficient, were upermost in all classes and all parts of the former mighty imperial states.

For the average German the world had sunk into chaos. The past was a lie, the present a torment, the future unthinkable. More than his allies, even the Austrians, he had dropped like a plummet from the wings of victory to the hell of despond. Before he had driven the last nail in his idol, when he was at the climax of his effort, the dazzling promise of victory had still seemed real. With a little more patience, a little more sacrifice, he would surely attain his goal. Out of bright and auspicious skies had come the dismal thunders of defeat. While he was still shouting huzzas to his indomitable leaders, they had fled to shelter from the wrath to come. Dreaming of loot, he had awakened to find himself subject to the caprice of enemies filled with righteous indignation and who, were they to do but justice, would apply the lash with a heavy hand. No wonder that the picture postcards of the statue, like the medals struck for the sinking of the *Lusitania* and other reminders of the futile assault upon the peace of the world, were put away or destroyed.

When I entered Berlin at the end of last March I

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found a city very different from that which I had left—without regret—in the winter of 1912. There were no more ruthless, trampling, pushing, elbowing crowds in the main thoroughfares. I could walk comfortably through the Friederichstrasse, and Unter den Linden was practically empty all day. So were all the restaurants, including even the popular ones where I had been shoved aside more than once, during my previous visit, by some fat Prussian, determined to have the particular table toward which I was making my way. The noisy, bustling, boisterous spirit, which had impressed me so painfully, and which was so marked wherever the Berlinese congregated, existed no longer. In truth, the city was strangely quiet and its inhabitants, it seemed to me, moved with singular lack of animation. An impressionable lady compared the city to a house of mourning.

Vienna, the gay, the happy, the city of grace and charm and cosiness, had been transformed quite as markedly. One could walk miles without seeing a smiling face, without once hearing the light, rippling laughter that had formerly punctuated all conversation; but beggars, formerly unknown in the Viennese streets, stood at every corner and thrust themselves into my path at every opportunity, already proficient in all the hideous arts of palsy and distorted limbs and features, practiced by the professional beggars of Naples. Small crowds gathered at the slightest suggestion of something to interest, something to take the mind off the personal. They stood looking hungrily into the show windows of the delicatessen shops, once appealing to the most jaded appetite and now displaying only curious dried vegetables and strange substitutes for food and drink. They gazed listlessly at a large map in the window of one of the bookshops on the Karntnerstrasse, which showed in colors the new states carved out of old Austria.

"My God!" exclaimed one middle-aged, prosperous looking citizen, "how small we have grown. *That* is German Austria!" And with a cynical laugh he pointed to the blotch of pink which indicated all that was left of the once mighty empire of the Hapsburgs.

In Budapest I lost my way in the dark streets the night of my arrival. The once brilliantly illuminated promenade along the Danube, where the girls and the gallants marched and countermarched, was completely deserted and saved from utter darkness by a half dozen pale gas jets. The cafés were closed, the gipsy bands on strike. At nine o'clock the once merriest capital in the world became like a city of the dead. Even in the best hotels the lights were shut off in the assembly rooms and the guests had to retire to their beds, for the unheated rooms were too cold to sit in.

"In the Bread Line." This drawing and the one opposite were made in Austria by N. Manatschek

Everywhere I went in the Central Empires I found a gray, cold, thin, hungry people. A fat individual in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, or Budapest looked abnormal beside his fellows. Yet an average healthy German or Magyar is naturally fat. It was the commonest experience to hear that this one or that one had lost thirty, forty, or fifty pounds, that this one was suffering from asthma and that one from heart disease. *There were no sausages* anywhere except in Berlin, where they were ostentatiously labelled "goat meat," but where the mortality among the cats and dogs told the true story. No one in Berlin allowed his pet outside his home except upon a leash.

The only shops that were well supplied were those that contained luxuries—jewelry, art objects, expensive laces and embroideries, exquisite flowers—reminders that there were still wealthy ones in the large cities. But nowhere was food—real food—exposed for sale; nor was drink, except the native wines and substitutes for cognacs and liqueurs once imported from France, and which were almost essential to the prosperous burgher. Tobacco—really substitutes

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—and its products could be obtained only on the rationing system in Austria and Hungary, and the allowance was ridiculously small in comparison with the demand. In Germany one could still buy cigars and cigarettes in the shops, although one Berlin shopkeeper with a sense of humor betrayed the truth by labelling his wares with the trade name, "Kantabak," meaning "Kein Tabac"—no tobacco; but it was after all no revelation, for everybody knew.

HUNGER, says the modern philosopher, is the most powerful influence in the conduct of man, and the theory was proved abundantly in these days. The one subject of conversation everywhere was food, and this was but the outward expression of the prevailing and constant thought. Ninety per cent., at least, of all the populations of the large cities, especially in the industrial districts were, if not continually hungry, at least continually under-nourished. Peace, taxes, and the future state were important enough to compel attention, but food never was forgotten entirely. Nor was it a question of food next week. Only the fortunate could be sure of to-day and to-morrow. In a spirit of grim humor somebody invented a story of a man who had determined upon suicide. His first step was to buy a rope to hang himself but, being made of paper, it broke. Next he tried poison but, being a weak substitute, it only made him ill. He went to the river to seek peace in its waters, but the crowd ahead of him was so dense that he never could reach its banks. Finally he determined to confine his food to the Government ration—and in a few days he was dead of starvation.

I tried repeatedly the food in the public kitchens of Vienna and Berlin, and must admit that I do not understand how those who ate it were able to keep on. It was much worse in Vienna than in Berlin. In addition to the blockade Vienna suffered from the enmity of her former partners, the Czechs and the Hungarians. Both of these had shut their borders against Austria, so that no supplies could cross them; and Vienna, dependent upon the milk, eggs, and grain of Hungary and the coal, oil, meat, and vegetables of Galicia, was rapidly approaching exhaustion of all supplies. In the public markets only mangels—a species of beet the size of a man's head, which had theretofore been fed only to cattle—onions, and garlic could be found. The Government controlled the cattle and the stocks of meat and grain and allowed these to come to the public in driblets. Week after week came the official announcement that no meat could be provided. Potatoes were unobtainable. In the city kitchens I received a broth made of corn meal and water, and a species of salad made of sliced mangels. Neither had the slightest taste and it required an effort to swallow them. Yet this was the mainstay of the overwhelming majority day in and day out.

In the poorer quarters the women and children especially showed the effects of malnutrition. All were thin, pale, and shuffled along listlessly. I stopped one old woman, who had just come out of a licensed shop where she had been allowed to buy her ration of grain. She showed me a ten-days' allowance of oats, which I presume she ground into meal, for her husband and herself. It filled the bottom of a small paper bag and I could have held it all in my two hands. I gave her a little piece of chocolate and was pursued with thanks for nearly a block. That same day I came across a young mother carrying her baby. Both were bedraggled as I had never seen Viennese before. The mother's dress was torn, she was shod in old carpet slippers through which protruded naked feet, and she was bare-headed—a most unusual sight. The child was wrapped in an old shawl, so that only a portion of its face was uncovered. The mother stopped in startled surprise to accept my offering and gave me a wan smile for thanks, while out of the depths of the shawl came a "*Grüss Gott*" ("God's greeting") in a thin treble.

Berlin had the great advantage over Vienna that there were potatoes in the public kitchens. The second course was the same kind of mangel. Here the torn and tattered rubbed shoulders with men and women of a superior class and the attitude of both showed that this was no unusual experience.

Munich and Budapest lie in the heart of rich agricultural country and should be well-supplied with food, but I was told by an English professor at the Budapest University that he had not tasted butter in two years. Milk for his children he secured through the kindness of a friend, who owned a farm. A count of Munich told me that his rations for ten days barely filled his hat. It included three-quarters of a pound of meat (with no fat), a bit of grease, flour, and potatoes. That was the ration of a captain in the army. I met in Munich a number of people of means who had lost between thirty and forty pounds through under-nourishment.

A CURIOUS development was a spirit of antagonism between country and town. In Bavaria the farmers were hiding their cattle—thousands of them—from the authorities. They secured a law which prohibited residents of Munich from going into the country without special permits, so that they would not be bothered by would-be purchasers of their products. They said they had enough of the worthless paper money. In fact, they were credited with having buried and hidden away vast amounts of it, for they got good prices all through the war. In former days they had lived frugally, reserving their produce for sale to the city. Now they were eating their fill and letting the city starve—although Munich was not in a bad way for those who had the price. I went to four of the best restaurants in Vienna of a night and was unable to get anything made of meat, fish, or eggs in any of them. I had no such experience in Munich. In fact, there was abundance, though I had to pay dearly. I even had butter for my breakfast—a thing unknown in Vienna and rare even in Budapest.

As usual, the very wealthy suffered little—again excepting Vienna, where I found a wealthy woman, the wife of a prominent doctor, who was ill almost unto death and yet could not obtain the milk and eggs prescribed for her. Even there, however, I heard of a tea given by a nephew of the infamous Ferdinand of

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Bulgaria, at which the guests were regaled with the most delicate sandwiches, pastries, salads, and chocolate with whipped cream! Even people of means were standing in line at that time before the confectionery shops—often in the rain—to buy a little sugar or chocolate, not obtainable except with government cards on a ration system.

For the subterranean traffic which provided the fortunate with food beyond the government allowance the Viennese had coined the phrase, "*Schleich Handel*," which is the equivalent of smuggling. It was usually carried on through sharp dealers, who had in their pay all sorts of people in touch with the farmers. The profiteering by both the farmers and these dealers was scandalous, but nobody complained seriously and the Government interfered only spasmodically. It was no longer a question of price. People devoted their wits to securing food, regardless of cost. A *concierge* told me she had bought five pounds of fat for four hundred crowns. She was overwhelmed with joy. One day, when I went out into the country, I noticed that there were fully a hundred Viennese on the train, all carrying empty bags of cloth or burlap. In the afternoon they were back at the station, the bags so filled that many were staggering under their weight. There were men of respectable appearance, old grandames, and young girls. They had been digging over the farms for vegetables which had been allowed to lie in the ground over the winter. In addition they had bought what the farmers had been willing to sell, but that this was not all that had been hoped for was indicated by their conversation.

AMONG my old acquaintances was a lady whom I had always regarded as rather a child of luxury. Slight of body and spirituelle in feature, everybody was inclined to indulge her. The last thing one would have thought was that she could survive any real hardship.

"I have learned to know myself," she told me. "Many a cold night last winter I stood on the pavement in line with all sorts of poor creatures to get enough food to tide us over the next day. Twice I fainted. I, too, went out to Siebenbrunn-Leopoldsdorf, where you saw those people digging in last year's vegetable fields, but it was in the heart of the winter, with snow on the ground and a bitter wind blowing across the open country. I tramped for three hours, carrying fifteen kilos of potatoes in a sack strapped to my shoulders and a package in each hand. Several times I was on the point of giving up. Life didn't seem worth the struggle." She represented the class which had suffered most. The very poor had always suffered real want in all the German-speaking countries—in spite of the boasted aid of the Imperial Government—and had only been compelled to draw the belt somewhat tighter; but the minor officials, the school teachers, and the poor gentry, living on small fixed incomes, were overwhelmed by the depreciation of the mark and the crown and the phenomenal rise in costs. Compelled to maintain an appearance of respectability, their struggle had become tragic. The father of the lady I quoted, a former president of the Art Academy and an artist of international reputation, was painting aquarelles daily to earn a little money. He was eighty-two. Her mother, aged seventy-eight, refused to call a doctor, although she had lost the sight of one eye and the other was affected. "He would order me to bed for a fortnight," was her explanation, "and there is no one to do my work."

AFTER a short time I discovered that wherever people came together there would be ebullitions of temper. Malnutrition had developed nervousness and irritability even, to some extent, among the good-natured South Germans and Viennese. Strangers talked to one another on the streets and the cars. It was a nervous inability to keep back their thoughts. The strain was so great that they must find a vent—and talking was all that was left to them.

This same nervousness was evidenced in the sudden popularity of spiritualistic seances, exhibitions of hypnotism, thought reading, and other flights into the intangible. I attended a "telepathic seance" in the Grosses Concerthaus in Vienna one Sunday night. Fully two thousand men and women had paid high prices to witness experiments in mesmerism, hypnotism, and thought reading, such as were tried out in America twenty-five years ago and finally laughed off the stage. Not a seat was empty, and so excited were the people that a carefully staged interruption by a pretended skeptic precipitated a row which finally ended in the police clearing the hall. Practically all that the fakir had given for the large sum received had been some very old, outworn tricks in hypnotism. Yet the following Sunday the hall was packed again. The mediums were growing rich meanwhile, and even the prohibition of the Church failed to hold the faithful against the temptation of this seeking to solve the sad riddle of life through supernatural channels.

There were reasons in plenty for brittle nerves. For one thing the sacred inviolability of the home was a thing of the past. No householder could be sure that his home would not be invaded by strangers. All the cities were overcrowded, and there had been no building for nearly five years. Budapest had almost doubled its pre-war population—had grown from 800,000 to 1,500,000. Part of this increase was due to an influx of refugees from sections of the country seized by the Rumanians, Czechs, Serbs, and Jugo-Slavs; the remainder to the return of the soldiers. Room had to be made for these, and every householder was required to prove that he had no room to spare. Families suddenly found the intimacy of their lives destroyed by the presence of strangers. They had no voice in the selection and as likely as not the unwelcome guest was far from agreeable. In a lesser degree, perhaps, the same condition prevailed in Berlin, in Munich, and in Vienna. A former Austrian consul-general to New York told me that he was living as a guest in the home of friends who were happy to have him, as his presence saved their giving up a room to strangers. Desirable old maids and bachelors were in demand everywhere for this purpose. A well-known noble had to give up a dozen of his twenty-five rooms to ex-soldiers.

The taxes proposed by even the most conservative were certainly staggering. In addition to the normal,

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which were already very heavy, the governments proposed a war tax which should take all profits made during the war in excess of 90 per cent. of pre-war profits—that is, all war profits and 10 per cent. more. The tax on capital was estimated at from fifty to one hundred per cent. according to the character of the government. The majority Socialists, who were then in power, were credited with the intention of taking one half of every man's possessions. The Socialists of the Left, the Independent Socialists, who might come into control, would take more. The Spartacists, or Communists, would surely take all. An indication of the despondency may be gained from the fact that of all the many Germans with whom I discussed this subject not one rebelled against the idea of giving up half his property.

More and more, as I traveled about, I was reminded of one of those freak paintings of the mad modernists, in which all the colors jar and jumble, and in which one seeks vainly for some sane meaning or purpose. On one day were heard the strains of triumphant democracy. The next came the rumblings of another revolution. Lenine and Trotzky were hailed as the new gods, and Spartacists were shooting up the heart of Berlin, using every infernal engine of modern warfare; or were taking hostages in Munich and the reins of government in half a dozen other cities. No sooner was order restored in Berlin than there came the cry that the situation called for "a strong man," and Ludendorf was cheered by reactionaries, including members of the newly organized "Officers Club." When this proved abortive, General von Lettow-Vorbek, hailed as the unbeaten hero of East Africa, was paraded down Unter den Linden by cheering enthusiasts and

Loyal soldiers, firing on the Bolsheviks at the Begas Fountain. The poster below, one of the many appeals to stamp out Bolshevism

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the word was passed about that at last the savior was at hand. But soon he, too, was forgotten—although he may bob up again any day. In Hungary I was solemnly assured one day by President Karolyi and half a dozen cabinet ministers that there was not the slightest chance of Bolshevism. A week later Karolyi was out and the Bolshevists—calling themselves Communists—were in full control, although the Karolyists had to open the prisons to let out the new rulers—a fact that may yet prove as suspicious as it seemed to me then.

The rebuilding of states was clearly not an easy task. With the exception of the reactionaries, who were in the limelight only as critics of the new régime and defenders of the old, all parties were promulgating programmes devoted more or less to the glorification of labor, yet labor was critical of them all. The siren voice of the Bolshevist, singing the hymn of the underdog at the Russian frontier, and supported within the lines by his ally, the Spartacist, made the promises of Socialization, the rallying song of the Government, sound flat. A few optimists insisted that the German workingman loved home and order too well to be beguiled by the voice of Organized Terror; but in the Government itself the prevailing indecision made itself manifest at every turn. A commission had been appointed to struggle with the problem of making a New World, which should square the granting of better conditions to the poor with the carrying on of industries and the burdens of overwhelming debt, but it was still far from a satisfying decision on any of the pressing questions referred to it. From the head of the government bureau, to whom I was referred for information, I could get nothing more than that the German Government did not intend to nationalize industry, but would encourage syndicates under government control. The agrarian question, which had been a stumbling block even under imperial rule, the big land-owners being the most stubborn of all the Junkers, had not been touched, although there was evidence that reaction was still dominant on the large estates. In the Prussian parliament, agrarian members were defiantly denouncing all those who dared to assail the *ancien régime*, and ostentatiously deserted the chamber when attacks were made upon those responsible for the war.

Neither Ebert nor Scheidemann received the confidence of the average citizen. Many voiced the opinion that they were disqualified by the fact that they had supported the Government during the war. Probably the fact was that they lacked the personal qualities necessary to rulers. It is also possible that in the existing conditions nobody could have conducted a constitutional government with success. In Hungary, Karolyi—who had denounced the Germans and the war in open parliament, when such conduct might have lost him his head, and who had fought for years against the rule of the Hapsburgs—was unable to retain the popular support, vouchsafed him in the first intoxication of the revolution. In Austria the Government was no more popular than in Germany, although its members were life-long opponents of the imperial rule.

Spartacists in one of the attempted revolutions, guarding a street in Berlin

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In Vienna, more even than in Berlin, it was possible to find men of unquestionable sincerity who were convinced that Russia had begun the war, that France, still thirsting for revenge, had wanted it, and that it had all been cunningly started by Edward of England, who had planned to encircle the Central Empires for England's gain. But in Vienna the press had doubtless been muzzled even more effectually than in Berlin. The Hapsburgs did not strut the stage so dramatically as William of Hohenzollern, but they ruled even more ruthlessly. The Lichnowsky revelations did not cross their borders, unless surreptitiously; and I found my acquaintances there in dense ignorance of some of the outstanding events of the past five years. Not that they justified the war or the manner of conducting it. I found reactionaries in Vienna as I did in Budapest, Munich, and Berlin, but they were not, I am glad to say, among those whom I had held in esteem in the past.

The topsy-turviness was illustrated in the treatment of the unemployed. In each of the three countries—Austria, Hungary, and Germany—these received a daily allowance, averaging about fifteen crowns. High officials frankly confessed that they did not dare to withdraw this, as they were satisfied that Bolshevism would follow. It was all due, they said, to the Allied blockade, which kept out raw materials, and therefore made it impossible to give men work. But no great efforts were made to provide work or to so systematize the payment of the allowances as to maintain discipline, and it was clear that fear of the "proletariat" had entered the souls of all the rulers. So the printing presses worked constantly to provide the paper money required for this state subsidy, with a consequent augmentation of the public debt and the definite pauperization of vast numbers.

HERE again was an illustration of the chaos. Mechanics and trained workmen of all kinds were earning princely incomes. "I cannot get a man to sweep my chimneys," complained Constantin Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador to the United States, whom we sent home for fomenting strikes in our ammunition factories; "chimney sweeps are earning from five to six thousand crowns a month." Other workmen were equally flourishing and equally independent in taking employment. At the same time government officials and teachers were receiving two and three hundred crowns monthly. The head of the Prussian educational system, a leading pedagogue for nearly half a century, received ten thousand marks a year. He could live only by using his capital.

Prices had in the meantime become fantastic. An ordinary suit of clothes cost from two to three thousand crowns, and it cost from five hundred to a thousand to turn an old one—which was being done extensively. A nice dress cost from three to six thousand crowns, or nearly as many marks. Costumers and tailors, who had materials on hand when the war came, made fortunes. A shirt cost three hundred crowns. I wanted to buy an umbrella in Vienna. . . . "The cheapest we have," said a saleswoman in a Karntner Street shop, "is two hundred and fifty crowns." A common dray horse cost twenty thousand marks in Berlin; cows were worth from ten to fifteen thousand. A fair quality of tea cost seventy marks a pound. In Vienna I was asked seventy-five crowns for half a small chicken. It is true that the mark was worth only forty per cent. of its former value and the crown only twenty-five per cent. in foreign exchange, but prices were up from ten to twenty-five times the normal.

Everywhere one saw discharged officers and soldiers in their uniforms. The explanation was that they could not afford to buy civilian clothes. Less fortunate individuals wore patches or rags or bought clothes made of paper. A new industry was paper weaving. In the best restaurants and hotels there were paper napkins and tablecloths. I was told I would have no difficulty in disposing of my old clothes at five hundred marks per suit. Legally a citizen of Berlin could not buy a new shirt if he already possessed two, nor a new pair of shoes if he had one in fairly decent condition.

THE future was regarded with gloomy apprehension. The best that could be hoped for would bring no relief to the youngest of the living. Yet there was no unanimity of opinion as to the better course to pursue after peace was signed—to remain in Germany or to emigrate. Many had already arranged to get away—chiefly to the Argentine, which will certainly see a large German immigration unless it passes legislation to prevent it; but there was an equally large number seemingly convinced that there would be excellent opportunities in the rebuilding of the country, in spite of the heavy taxes and the confiscation of capital. Of these courageous ones the proportion was much larger in Germany than in Austria. In the remnant of the Hapsburg dominons the people generally were hopeless and the situation seemed to warrant it. All that was left after the defection of Hungary, Croatia, Transylvania, and Bohemia was practically a series of forest-clad hills and a few cities. There was not enough agricultural land to feed the smaller of these cities, not to speak of Vienna. Minerals, oils, and coal were lacking altogether. Industrially it was insignificant. The only hope was union with other states and, excepting Germany, which was by no means unanimous on the subject, none seemed disposed to join fortunes with them. The Viennese had sunk so low in spirits that they did not even seriously contest the boast of the Czechs that Prague would henceforth be the capital of southeastern Europe.

Indifference to death had become a commonplace. People thronged to the scene of the Spartacist uprisings. The pavements of Munich were crowded when the revolutionaries swept the streets. I met a woman in Berlin, a simple, unheroic person of fifty, who had looked down from her window upon the fury of the street battles. She saw a party of six men and women killed in her doorway by an exploding shell. The house next door was completely destroyed by a bomb. Still she remained at the window. Not until bullets smashed the glass and buried themselves in walls and ceiling did she desert the building. Alone she crawled over the dead bodies in the doorway and es-

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caped by keeping close to the walls of the buildings. But the next morning she went back, although the fighting was as furious as ever. "It was my home," she said simply, in explanation. Yet that woman had never seen a gun fired before, and here were rifles, machine guns, all kinds of artillery, tanks, and armed airplanes in action.

The same violent contrasts observable in other respects prevailed in the amusements of the Berlinese. The finest concerts were given daily, and revivals of Shakespeare and Schiller were as thronged as the degenerate drama of Wedekind and the debased farces and vaudeville. Censorship had been abolished. While most people suffered and starved, and twenty per cent. of all newborn infants died at birth because their mothers were suffering from malnutrition, food in abundance could be had at so-called clubs, which were merely high-toned gambling hells, and dancing went on fast and furious in a few expensive resorts.

Driving the nails into the famous wooden Hindenburg

Only in one particular did I find almost absolute agreement. America had become the beacon light on the horizon. "Wilson's Fourteen Points" were acclaimed universally. "If you would only send us a few of your regiments; then there would be an end to Bolshevism," I was told both in Berlin and Vienna. But they must be American soldiers—no others would do. Whether this was German admiration for success, or whether it was real faith in our sincerity and unselfishness, there could be no doubt of its genuineness. Wherever I was recognized as an American people spoke to me—on trams, 'buses, railroad trains, and even in the streets—and everywhere there was overwhelming desire to know whether there was any hope that America might relent in hostility when she was assured that the Junkers were really overthrown. On a Berlin motor-'bus a young man changed from a seat across the aisle to a vacant seat beside me. "Will you be so good as to forgive me for speaking to you?" he began. "I believe that you are an American." I nodded. "I would so like to know just how your people feel about us," he went on. "You are cordially hated by us, as by pretty much all the world," I replied. "Yes," he said resignedly, "I thought so. Is there no hope of a change?"

I told him that would depend upon the Germans. Americans were not as strong haters as some people, but they would have to be shown that the new Germany was not merely a stalking horse for the old.

"We never can make good the wrong we did to northern France and to Belgium," I heard a Prussian say at a dinner party one night; "it was inexcusable." It was one of the few times that I heard frank, outspoken expression of contrition. The common people were still blinded by Junker lies and distortions, and a large proportion of the public men evaded or were unwilling to admit Germany's guilt.

Very few people were big enough to fully realize, as Kurt Eisner had done, that policy as well as justice called for frank confession. It looked very much as though they feared that this might place them at disadvantage in the peace negotiations. But the truth will come home to the people at large sooner or later. Many influences are at work to accomplish this and the peanut politicians will yet be set aside. When this happens the significance of the following paragraph, taken from a Berlin newspaper may sink into many minds:

"We have had a revolution. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg are dead. The Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Ludendorf, and von Tirpitz are still moving about in the best of health."

The whereabouts of von Tirpitz, by the way, were unknown. It was rumored that he had shaved off the famous whiskers.

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"Give me a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can—but books at any rate"

THE BEST EDUCATED MAN I KNOW

By Bruce Barton

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

SEVERAL years ago I was sent into Minnesota to write an article about Governor John A. Johnson, the youngest governor the state had ever had.

I went first of all to St. Peter, the little town where he had grown up. It is an unpretentious village—the inevitable Main Street, with its hotel, newspaper office, drug store, and court house, and other streets running out from it, a bit uncertainly as if not quite sure where they are going or why. I talked with the owner of the drug store for whom Johnson had clerked, and with his partners in the office of the weekly paper that he had edited; I saw the little house he had built and occupied for a whole winter before he could get together money enough to finish it off inside.

People told me about his parentage. His father was a worthless character, a drunkard who deserted the family and left the burden of its bringing up on the mother and on John. So she had done washing and he had clerked; and by their united effort they raised the family in decency and in the fear of the Lord. But the strain had told on John; his shoulders bent under it, and there was in his face a maturity beyond his years. He was elected young; and he died young, passing away during his second term.

In his first campaign, when he was comparatively unknown in many sections of the state, the opposition managers thought they had discovered the way to finish him. They sent a reporter into St. Peter and published in one of the daily papers in St. Paul the whole story of John Johnson's youth. Surely, they said, Minnesota will never elect as its governor the son of a drunkard and a washerwoman. With the trepidation that is characteristic of politicians, Johnson's own managers came running to him.

"You must get out a denial," they said.

"I cannot deny it," he answered calmly. "Why should I want to? It is true."

So the whole story came out—how he had worked and sacrificed to help his mother raise a family that would be a credit to her devotion and her faith. And the state, which his enemies had supposed would revolt at the revelation, rallied to Johnson because of it. His plurality was tremendous: he became the idol of simple, ordinary folk everywhere, even as he had been the idol of the town of St. Peter.

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They told me all this in St. Peter, with tears in their eyes at the mention of his name. It is the only time in my experience that I ever saw men's eyes fill up as they talked of another man.

So with his story I went to St. Paul and talked with the Governor in the modest hotel where he and Mrs. Johnson were living. They could not afford a house.

"Governor," I said, "there is one thing about your career that puzzles me. I can understand how a man in your environment could grow up to be honest and hard working; but how is it that you have managed to grow up *educated*, as well? Where did you get your education? How did you ever find time to get it?"

He answered that the man who had influenced his life more than any other was an Irishman in St. Peter whose name I have forgotten.

"He lent me books," said the Governor, "he taught me how to read. He guided my taste, and explained the things I did not understand. To his guidance and his books I owe most of my education."

I have thought of that conversation many times. There are in the world few things more awe-inspiring to me than the enormous power that lies hidden between the covers of books. Every great book is a storage battery—a plain, common-place looking little box, but concealing an immeasurable amount of force. Emerson dies, leaving a few bound volumes behind him; one of them touches the life of the son of a washerwoman and a drunkard and behold, a governor! A ragged, soiled "Life of Lincoln" drops into the hands of a lad whose eyes have never risen beyond the foot-hills that encompass his little town—and a new statesman is born. The story of Jesus of Nazareth is told on a savage island, and civilization begins.

We who handle books should do it with a decent reverence. We deal with powerful explosives. And on the answer that we make to boys and girls who say, "What shall I read?" may hang the destinies of a city or a state.

I KNEW Governor Johnson only slightly, yet I have always thought of him as one of the best-educated men I have known, using the term in the sense in which Milton used it. "I call that a complete and generous education," he said, "which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." When I am asked, however, to tell of *the best-educated man* in my acquaintance I think of another friend, who would be greatly embarrassed were I to mention his name. His education seems to me to approach very closely to the ideal.

He was born on a farm. I emphasize that fact because those men or women who go through life without ever having any close vital contact with the land miss some lessons that are to be learned nowhere else. Nature is a great serial of which a new chapter is begun each spring and finished with the falling leaves. God was the first gardener. He started the human race in a garden; and out of that big university has come a very large proportion of the men and women who make us most proud of belonging to the human race.

I have quoted this passage from Charles Dudley Warner a great many times: "The love of dirt is among the earliest of passions, as it is the latest," he says. "Mud pies gratify one of our first and best instincts. So long as we are dirty, we are pure. Fondness for the ground comes back to a man after he has run the round of pleasures, eaten dirt, and sowed wild oats, drifted around the world, and taken the wind of all its moods.

"The man who has planted a garden feels that he has done something for the good of the world. It is not simply beets and potatoes and string beans that he raises in his well-kept garden. There is life in the ground. It goes into the seeds; and it also, when stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it."

THE sense of working with the Creator in the task of conquering and finishing the world gives a man a modesty and reverence that come to him in no other way. The prophets and seers have come out of the silences; from deserts, and farms, and beside quiet waters they have come. And no man deserves to be called really well educated unless he has been party to the miracle of burying a seed in the ground and watching the blade of grass thrust itself upward; or has walked alone under the stars at night, and exercised his soul in the enlarging experience of wonder.

One of the great losses of our national life, it seems to me, is that so large a proportion of people are born and live always in cities. They see only street-lights instead of stars, and high buildings when they ought to lift up their eyes to the hills. When we get the social order arranged as it ought to be, every family will have two homes—a city home where they will live for six months of the year, while the parents of the family do city work, and the children attend city schools and go to art galleries and opera; and a country home, where every man and woman, regardless of rank or circumstance, will be obliged to till the soil and cooperate in the great common task of feeding the world. There will be then no more farmers and no more city men, distrusting each other and regarding their interests as antagonistic; but every man will be a city man and every man will be a farmer. And the children of the rich will have the same educational advantage of hard work with the soil which is now the exclusive privilege of the children of the poor.

Poverty is, of course, one of the most effective of all teachers, and my friend learned well in its school. He knows the value of a dollar as well as any man of my aquaintance; but he has also the far more valuable knowledge of the things a dollar will not buy. I heard him say once that there are two kinds of men in the world who can afford not to think about money. There is the man who works so hard and makes so much money that he can let his living expenses run as they will; and there is the man who keeps his living expenses so low that he can give his whole thought to other things than income. Of the two men, my friend said, the second is far more independent.

He knew what it was, as a young man, to be absolutely without funds; to walk long distances on the rail-

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road tracks for the lack of carfare; and to live on one meal a day instead of three. Hence the fears that haunt most men through a large portion of their active lives have never been a source of worry to him. He is not troubled at the possibility of losing his practice; a financial panic would not cost him one moment's sleep, except as it heightened his concern for other people. For himself and his family he need not worry. Financial loss could bring him no experience that he has not already met and conquered. He has passed through the worst that want can do, and he knows that no such trial need be really serious so long as a man retains his power to smile.

SO IT happens that while I have heard much talk of books in his home, and of social problems, and international affairs, I have never yet heard a member of his family mention money. Which, in itself, is enough to confirm me in my judgment that he is, altogether, the best educated man I know.

Poverty and hard work gave him another asset also; they taught him a finer appreciation of the value of time. His children are useful young people, and promise to do well in life; but they can never crowd into their lives as much unselfish activity as he, without apparent effort, has managed to put into his. To them a day at school is a day's work: to him it was merely the pleasant and easy part of a day; after the schooling was over he was compelled to earn the money to pay his board and room and tuition, and still find time to prepare his lessons for the following day.

Poverty puts a golden premium on time. "Want sat by my cradle," wrote Henry Wilson, who came up through poverty to the United States Senate, and finally to the Vice-Presidency. "I know what it is to ask my mother for bread when she had none to give. I left home when ten years of age and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving one month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me $84."

Yet in that period of hard, incessant toil, he found time to read and master more books than the average man comes to know in a life time. Only those whose time is fully occupied accomplish anything worth while. My friend is as busy as any man I know: yet he learned very early—as did Henry Wilson—to do his reading in the minutes most men waste. Instead of confining his friendships to good pinochle players, he chose to make friends of the great characters of history and literature. They are wonderfully satisfying friends; they demand nothing; they wait patiently through hours of neglect; they will sit up late at night, or take long hot journeys on the train, or go on hard vacation trips into the woods, without a murmur. And always they are smiling and cheerful—ready to give freely of their conversation and counsel on request. My friend keeps a group of them at the head of his bed, and much of the varied knowledge of many subjects that constantly surprises his friends has come to him in the few minutes at the end of the day, before he drops asleep.

I remember being at his home one day when the newspapers reported the death of a United States senator who was one of the great figures in our national life. When the heirs of the great man came to settle his estate they found that he had left only enough money to meet his funeral expenses. But he left a well-thumbed library of several thousand volumes.

"That," said my friend, "is the kind of an estate that an educated man ought to leave. Money, beyond the point where it will provide education for a man's children, and keep him in comfort to the end of his days, is a liability rather than an asset. Most men divide their lives between two worries—the worry of youth and middle age as to how they can get money, and the worry of their declining days, lest they should lose it. If a man were given five or six life-times, he might perhaps waste one that way; but it seems a foolish programme when a man lives only once.

"Rather let him invest in books. No fluctuation in the market can rob him of that fortune. Thieves will not count it worth their attention. Instead of diminishing in value, books increase with every hour of attention and study which he gives to them. And when he dies they are a patrimony for his children that cannot harm them—as inherited money usually will—and may enlarge and enrich their lives immeasurably."

THE furnishings of my friend's home are very modest, as I have intimated: he has kept them so by choice. By cutting down on his necessities he has been able to invest heavily in luxuries; particularly the luxury of good books. Every week he buys at least two new books. Like Sam Johnson he confesses that he dislikes to read a book through; but by setting himself a definite weekly allotment, he forces himself to keep his mind constantly freshened and invigorated.

Some men make it a practice to keep themselves always in debt at the bank, and by the spur of debt are urged forward to larger effort in their business. He keeps himself in debt to his library. There are always books on hand which he has bought and has not read; in every corner of his home they force themselves on him accusingly, demanding that he spend his stray moments with them. And so he has no stray moments.

The library is the one really luxurious room in his house. It is filled with books from floor to ceiling; and every year he weeds out of it those volumes that have served their purpose, and ships them away to his summer home, which also is threatened with a surplus. Gladstone used to go through his library once in so often and sell a few hundred volumes to the second-hand dealers; and these shrewd gentlemen, knowing their client's shortcomings, were frequently able to sell some of them back to him on his next visit! My friend is protected from that menace to some degree but not entirely; more than once I have seen him bring home a volume which he already owned; and of the books that are most essential to him—the Bible and Shakespeare and Emerson and the best biographies—he has dozens of copies, scattered everywhere.

"We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner never thinks," said Henry Ward Beecher. "In earlier years when traveling in the West, where taverns were scarce and in some

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places unknown, and every settler's house was a house of entertainment, it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely where you should put up. And always we looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But no matter how rude the cabin or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a trough of flowers, and that some vines twined around strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log-cabin. . . . A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread. But in other states of society other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man in slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house.

"The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved sideboard. Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate! .To spend several days in a friend's house and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting on luxurious chairs and sleeping on down, is as if he were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs? We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for even the commonest English classics. . . . Let us pity these poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses!"

MY FRIEND needs no man's pity on that score. He has an income of a few thousands a year, which might easily be larger if he were willing to neglect the wide variety of unselfish enterprises in which he is engaged. But his wealth is not in money. It is in books: in his library he is many times richer than most millionaires.

If I were to name the secret of his education which is next in importance to his love of books, I should say it consisted in the good habit of asking questions. A year or two ago a friend of mine, who is a newspaper reporter, was sent by his paper to interview Lord Northcliffe.

"Did you have a successful interview with him?" I asked.

"You had better ask me whether he had a successful interview with me," my reporter friend responded. "I didn't have a chance to ask him anything. He took up the whole time firing questions at me."

And, I thought to myself, there is a secret of the man's success. With all his years of experience, with his knowledge of great men in every country of the world, he is so greedy of knowledge that he must even drain the brain of an ordinary newspaper reporter.

My friend's astonishing wealth of information has come to him in much the same way. Throw him into a smoking compartment with a tanner, and he will know enough about tanning at the end of the journey to pass as a professional. He went to Europe one summer with a party of people. One of the ladies in the party, whom I met afterward, brought back a very confused notion of what Europe contains. She was sure of only two things: she had seen Venice and Vesuvius, but she was very hazy as to which is which. My friend, whose means have not permitted him to make a second journey, knows Europe like a man who had lived there for years. He prepared for the journey before he sailed; he asked questions unceasingly at every point; he formed friendships with learned men in various countries and has kept up a correspondence with them ever since. Confined as he is to a comparatively small city, he is none the less a citizen of the world, and nothing that happens in it fails to yield its full measure of interest and added wisdom to him.

A KNOWLEDGE of the value of time, a love of books, the fine habit of asking "why" and "what"—these are the chief stones on which my friend's education is builded. And to them I should add one final and most important item—his unflagging interest in people. I have forgotten, for the moment, who it was who said that every man has in him the material for one great book. My friend has shared that rich discovery and has profited by it. He knows that no man can go through life forever taking and giving nothing in return. Few men in the world are more unselfish; few give of their time and knowledge more unsparingly; and few receive more from other men in return.

A primrose by the river's brim is not a simple primrose to him; it is a whole lesson in botany, and a sermon on the miracle of Creation. A hod-carrier is a romance that stirs his interest and curiosity immensely; every man and woman who passes him on the streets raises a dozen questions in his mind. He never misses a parade, or the visit of a prominent man, or a great scenic wonder. The whole world of nature and humanity is his text book, and he reads incessantly.

I have said that this is the greatest and most profitable item in his education, and it is, I believe, the secret of all education which is worthy of the name. Learning which merely turns a man back on himself, which buries him in books or in the selfish exercise of introspection, represents the sort of hoarding that ought to be hunted out and prosecuted by some mental and spiritual Hoover. My friend's education has made him a natural friend to all mankind; men and women turn to him instinctively knowing that they will receive help, and all unconscious of how richly he is rewarded by what they bring him in return. It is the sort of an education that has in it an element of the divine; it partakes of the nature of the Divinity who, having all wisdom, can still be interested in the very hairs of our heads, and without whose knowledge and concern not even a single sparrow falls.

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In front of the famous gambling casino in Monte Carlo, from which, however, every one in uniform is barred

THE ARMY OF NO OCCUPATION

By Reginald T. Townsend

ALONG the southern coast of France, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, stretches the garden spot of France, the Riviera. Day after day from the fairest of skies a brilliant sun shines down upon the bluest of waters. No wonder they call it the *Côte d'Azur*—the azure coast.

But they have had to change its name—it is no longer the blue coast. To-day it is the khaki coast. For an army of doughboys, averaging 25,000 a week, completely inundated the Riviera all last winter and this spring. Just as surely as the Army of Occupation is in full possession of the Rhineland, so is the Leave Army in full possession of the Riviera. But there is a world of difference between the two. The Army of the Rhine is there for serious business; it has a grave responsibility; it is the Army of Occupation. There is nothing serious about the other army on the Riviera; it has no responsibility and no set purpose unless the pursuit of pleasure be dubbed a purpose; it is carefree and happy. It is the Army of No Occupation.

And never was an army so well looked after. The Army itself, the Red Cross, and the Y. M. C. A. contend with each other in catering to the taste of His Majesty, the Yank. And they have achieved a distinct success.

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If any soldier bores himself for one minute during his leave it is his own fault and there must be something the matter with him.

Every day a special train—the A. E. F. Express—leaves Paris for the south crowded to "Standing Room Only" capacity with doughboys, colonels, Red Cross girls, generals, correspondents—in short, a regular cross section of the A. E. F. All are setting out with the same idea in view—to have a good time. And they have it, rest assured of that

The soldier leaves Paris, or the town where he may be stationed, under a dismal gray sky—the sky has a habit of being gray, especially up in northern France—and when he curls himself up to sleep in his seat the rain patters coldly against the car window. But when he wakes in the morning! It is as though the train had shot through a dark tunnel into a fairyland of perpetual sunshine. Flowers—mimosa, orange blossoms, lilacs—bloom everywhere, and the air is heavy with the scent of cherry blossoms. Graceful palms line the white, red-roofed villas; and the railroad runs beside the sea for miles, while in the background the Alps lift their snow-clad peaks in the misty distance.

Straightway the doughboy begins comparing (Who said comparisons are odious? They certainly are not to the doughboy!) the landscape to some favorite spot at home. All right for the boy from California or Florida, but what of Dan McGrew from smoky Pittsburgh or Bill Bates from South Dakota? It is like nothing they have ever seen before. "No, sir," said a Westerner gazing out of the car window. "It ain't like anything I've ever seen. It ain't like anything else in the world. It's just plain Paradise."

Probably the doughboy will want to spend his leave at Nice, for the majority of the doughboys go there; possibly because it is better known to Americans or because there is more gaiety.

And gaiety there is aplenty, from early morn to late at night. One of the big casinos is now an enlisted men's club. One room holds a big canteen where meals are served at any and all hours, another room is a dance hall, and yet another a theatre. Billiard rooms, card rooms, writing rooms, barber shops—everything that can add to the men's comfort is there. The officers, too, are by no means forgotten. There are comfortable clubs for them.

The Riviera is dance mad. They dance in the morning from eleven to twelve, they dance in the afternoon, and they dance in the evening. No one ever seems to tire. *La musique Americaine* (i. e., "jazz") is very popular and the band concerts on the promenade draw large crowds. During the day there is tennis and golf

Amid such scenery as this—the valley of La Paillon near Nice—the doughboy spends his precious vacation

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The doughboy is an arduous sightseer and the Riviera abounds in places of historic interest—like this medieval fortress—to hold his interest

and a bus to convey the doughboy to and from the links. Bathing takes up a good part of the morning (and the doughboy asks for nothing better) or a sail to some neighboring spot, with a little fishing for weird, bright-colored fish thrown in. In the evening at Monte Carlo and Nice there are opera, theatre, vaudeville entertainments, and the ever-present movies. Pearl White and Charlie Chaplin, camouflaged as "Charlot," are as well known in all the little French towns as they are with us. Glaring posters of their latest adventures greet you on all sides.

Possibly the Yank may prefer to put in as much of his time as he can sightseeing. Good! The Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. provide great sightseeing cars with a lecturer to point out the historic spots for the Riviera abounds in relics of the days of the Romans. Within a short distance of Nice lies Monte Carlo with its famous gambling casino—barred, however, to the visitor in uniform. But there are plenty of other things for the doughboy to see: The palace and the theatre of the Prince of Monaco, the aquarium full of strange tropical fish, and the museum of oceanography which the Prince has spent the greater part of his life in assembling. Beautiful Mentone is near at hand, and the sightseeing bus crosses the frontier just far enough to permit the doughboy to send back to the admiring folks at home a postcard bearing the proud legend, "Am in Italy now."

But the doughboy may be worn out when he comes away on leave and looking for quiet and rest. Perhaps he is convalescing from an illness. In that case he will

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There are many relics of the days of the Romans in the towns along the Riviera. This is La Turbie on the Grand Corniche above Monte Carlo

no doubt want to go to Cannes. After having once been in Cannes I confess to a feeling of wonder that any one should want to go anywhere else, but that is of course a matter of taste. Cannes has most of the advantages of Nice with the added—to my mind—attractions of peace and restfulness. At Cannes the municipal casino is the enlisted men's club, with concerts and vaudeville, and there is a fine American officers' club, both operated by the Y. M. C. A. The Red Cross maintains a nurses' club and operates the big Hotel Metropole as a convalescent home for sick soldiers. Beyond Cannes, at Antibes, the Red Cross has a splendid convalescent home for army nurses and its women personnel. Everything that can add to the enjoyment of the guests is provided for.

From Cannes there are innumerable excursions. It is only a short ride by trolley to the lovely old town of Antibes, full of historic interest. The streets of Antibes run higgledy-piggledy this way and that, and they are so narrow that one can stand in the middle and touch the houses on either side by merely raising one's arms. The town is in apparance more Italian than French, save that its streets are spotlessly clean. Every cobblestone looks as if it had received a personal scouring.

The doughboys wander through the town at will stopping to look at the old Roman inscriptions on the walls of the fort and the church or buying post cards or souvenirs to send back to the folks at home. Usually a group of kiddies dance attendance upon the Yank. They swarm about him and climb all over him, if by

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Looking down on Monte Carlo from the hills back of it, the Museum of Oceanography, which the Prince of Monaco has established, shown on the right, and the Prince's yacht in the harbor

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The rocky coast of the Riviera, with its reddish rocks contrasting with the blue of the water, is a source of unending delight to the doughboy after many months of mud and cold in northern France and Germany

chance he pauses for a moment searching for chewing gum or candy. The children of the Riviera know but three words of English—"Americano," "chew gum." This is the extent of their vocabulary but it is sufficient for all purposes.

Up in the mountains behind Cannes lies Grasse, celebrated for its perfumery, where acres upon acres of flowers are grown to be made into perfume. In the bay of Cannes, twenty minutes away are the Lérins Islands: Sainte-Marguerite and Saint-Honorat. The grim fortress on the former contains the cell of Louis XIV's famous anonymous prisoner—the Man In the Iron Mask—who was imprisoned there for seventeen years. On the island of Saint-Honorat is a monastery of monks of the Cistercian order. It is an odd contrast to see a group of healthy, sunburned doughboys laughing and chatting gaily with the pale, ascetic, serious monks in their sombre garments.

The doughboy, as a rule, does not waste his opportunities. He is very serious about seeing all that there is to see. This may be his only chance to see that part of the world and he is going to make the best of it. Whether his leave be spent at Biarritz, Aix-les-Bains, Chamonix, Dinard, or on the Riviera, it is all the same. He enjoys himself to the fullest extent and there is very little that he doesn't see; and he and the other members of the Leave Army are on the go from morn till night with scarcely a pause.

And yet I have dared to call this busy-every-minute army the Army of No Occupation!

PATIENT MOTHER EARTH

THE earth has been torn to pieces by man in greed and lust; the soil has been ravaged by man in defense of his home. But lying dormant in the battlefields were the seeds of life; and the Earth, granted but a breathing spell of Peace, has resumed her age-old task of feeding the world. Over the battlefields of Europe, even now, the grain is starting and the crops are growing. THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE *for August is dedicated to Mother Earth and her abundant and all-fulfilling care. We shall have an article on "The Return to the Soil in France." Achmed Abdullah will tell of agriculture and its share in rebuilding the Near East. Victor Murdock, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, will give a vivid description of intensive farming in China. And Freeman Tilden will show, in a dramatic and appealing story, just how Mother Earth can save a man's soul as well as nourish his body.*

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TURKEY'S WAGES OF SIN

By Melville Chater

THIS is the first of two articles on Turkey by our special correspondent who went to Constantinople immediately after the signing of the armistice. Mr. Chater draws a graphic picture of the people who acclaimed their conquerors as deliverers from centuries of tyranny and misrule that have no equal

The Turkish cemetery at Constantinople. The Turk is so race-proud that he puts a representation of a turban on his tombstone that the death angel may not mistake him

WHEN I came up the Bosphorus on a Greek destroyer, after the armistice, and watched high-hilled Constantinople unveil her skyline of mosques and minarets through the haze, she appeared to me like some ancient dream-city, timelessly the mistress of the East. But one cannot be inside Constantinople for many days without dropping such illusions, and I find that, upon departing a few weeks later, I jotted in my note book: "Constantinople—a slum-metropolis, crowned by superb temples. The Bosphorus—a magnificent harbor that would augur the presence of a high culture instead of its existing barbarism. In fact, it is much more cheerful to look out on the Bosphorus than in and around its capital."

Of course the Turk is incapable of seeing his metropolis under any but the aspect under which I first saw it—that is, through mists—the illusive mists of his

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Cross the Galata Bridge to Stamboul—Constantinople's native quarter—and you are among latticed windows, mosques, and minarets. The native shops, huddled together in poorly cobbled alleys, are but dark dives

ancient grandeur. When you hint to a Turk that there's a certain peace table where his future is being discussed, he says with polite *hauteur:* "Monsieur, we have ruled here for five centuries. We need, I admit, a little reconstruction, advice, assistance, but—we have ruled for five centuries." That, and not how he has ruled, is the pith of his argument.

When one walks through the muddy, declivitous streets of Pera or Stamboul, one senses in all absence of order—in the pell-mell flow of vehicles which escape collision only thanks to Allah, and in the lagging, lounging multitudes, innocent of European customs as to left and right—a people which has always drifted and will drift eternally. Tattered mendicants are seen everywhere, plying the East's ancient and honorable profession. These, dressed in rotting rags or remnants of burlap, leave Otis Skinner as the mendicant in "Kismet" simply nowhere. Here are two six-year-old children—boy and girl—who spread sawdust in the middle of the muddiest pavement available, then lie face downward and remain utterly motionless for hours—until midnight, should the *piastres* not flow in fast enough. At cross-streets there stands a Turkish *zendarme* twirling his baton, which is striped in red and white like a barber's pole. Telegraph poles are similarly decorated with these, the Turkish colors, and topped by the star and crescent. Every male passerby, whether Christian or Turk, so long as he be an Ottoman subject, wears the mandatory fez. Conceive of our Government's imposing on all citizens the wearing of, say, a skull-cap or a silk hat. Similarly the Turkish women are distinguishable from Greeks, Jews, and Armenians by the veil which covers their hair, swathes their chins, and at times falls over the face. But in general they have ceased face-veiling, though convention still decrees that a curtained-off harem be reserved for them on street-cars and river-boats, and that they attend only movie-show matinées from which men are excluded.

You do not know what street you are on because, in this city of one and a quarter million people, there are practically no street signs. But that does not surprise you when you learn on investigation that electricity and the telephone have been here for only six years. Since the armistice non-Moslem shopkeepers have quietly ignored the regulations that all public signs must be written in Turkish, and so legends in Greek, French, and English line the windows, advertising what are, for the main part, German goods. Teutonic cutlery, paints, dentifrice, hardware, camera supplies, sheet-music, toys, and picture postcards flood these shops, whose proprietors are just now conducting what is known in America as a sacrifice-sale. It might be advertised as follows:

BANKRUPTCY SALE

On account of Mr. W. Hohenzollern's recent failure and in order to make room for a new line of goods, this entire stock must be sold at any sacrifice, before the lifting of the blockade

Another striking feature is the large shop-display of expensive wines and liquors in a city which one would expect to find poverty stricken. This is because, when the commandeering edict went into effect, wine stocks were hastily hidden by their owners who were familiar with the Prussian officer and his ways.

Only in Pera—Constantinople's European quarter—will you find anything resembling sidewalks or gutters. Stamboul the native quarter—is one interminable, up-and-down-hill maze of poorly cobbled alleys, down which trickle streams of rain water and casual sewage, adding one more malodor to this city of a hundred smells. Stand on any commanding height, and in vain

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will you search for factory chimneys. For there are no industries here, only shopkeeping, craft-work, porterage, and street-hawking. Pera's dizzy, step-cut descent which leads to the Galata Bridge contains more vendors than any pushcart street in New York. A big basket or a piece of board laid across a box—such are the native counters from which an endless variety of trifles are sold by armies of men, women, and children. You sense a city which is almost devoid of stable occupation.

Cross to Stamboul, and at once you are in the region of latticed windows, mosques, and minarets. The houses of unpainted clapboard are crazy and decayed, their bottom windows iron-barred, their appearance rather that of dingy prisons. The native shops, huddled breathlessly together, are little more than dark "dives" of some twelve feet square, crammed with stocks of vegetables, cordage, fineries, metal ware. A herd of sheep ambles back from pasture, momentarily cleaving the dense crowd, each person in which is either buying or selling, or vociferating, or carrying home a fish, a cabbage, a loaf of bread. Near by are planted half a dozen chairs whose occupants, with their feet in a slough of mud, are patronizing the out-of-doors barber-shop. Thanks to the fish-frying which occurs on the street corners, all eviller smells are lost in Stamboul. As to bread, the common enough sight of a dozen adjacent bread-stalls in one tiny space amid-street—all of them thronged with purchasers—suggests a plenitude of food, until riper experience informs you that these people live on bread, cheese, and a bit of fish. The small-sized loaf—about enough for a hungry laborer's meal—costs thirty cents. And how the Turkish *hamal*, or porter, carries barrels, bureaus, crates of live chickens, sideboards—anything short of an office safe—up and down hill on his shoulders, with only such simple fare to sustain him, is just one more enigma of the mysterious East. One sees a few pack-asses and dray-horses, the latter being invariably decked with strings of blue beads. The "evil eye," which does such an enormous business in the Orient, will be lured to observe these beads and thus overlook the animal—such at least is the pious belief.

In the narrow streets of Stamboul; the latticed windows of the harems prevent alien eyes from seeing within

Stroll through the astonishingly large number of beautiful mosques which crown Stamboul's slum, and you at once discover in their sumptuousness of architecture, emblazonments, and rug-laid floors, that the Turk's religious emotions are distinctly luxurious. Here is no awful Gothic grayness that inspires conscience-stricken litanies, but a scene which needs but reclining houris and tinkling fountains to realize the Moslem Paradise. It is only when the *muezzin's* tiny, white-clothed figure calls to prayer from far aloft in his sky-piercing minaret, that you receive in his wide-flung intonings a sudden, catholicizing sense of "God's in His heaven," and touch the eternal verities.

If the Allied forces are rather out of this post-armistice sketch, perhaps it is because their occupation of

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Constantinople has been so delightfully inconspicuous. At first one is merely aware of some sturdy battleships lying along the quay, of destroyers dotting the Bosphorus, of various Tommies and poilus buying cheap jewelry at street booths, and that is about all. Then by degrees you discover that there is a German internment camp on one of the Bosphorus islands, that the *Goeben* lies not so many miles off, flying the white flag, and that there are at least enough Allied troops about to make a handsome showing when Generals Allenby and Franchet d'Esperey come to town—on which recent occasion Pera turned out a yelling throng of Ottoman subject-peoples, waving Allied flags, while across in Stamboul the Turks looked the other way and discussed the weather. Enter the Constantinople Club, and you will find British officers tea-drinking in one room and the Turks card-playing in another, while a similar tactful arrangement exists at mealtimes. Now and then you hear a bit of news—that the Allied authorities are investigating the enemy-owned banks, or that the Turkish Government will prosecute those "criminals" who were implicated in the Armenian massacres. Such are the little straws which show you that somewhere there is a tide of affairs moving.

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A barber shop in the streets of Constantinople. The unsanitary conditions shown are typical of all forms of life in Stamboul

Meanwhile, business as usual—business conducted with floods of shoddy paper money—is found everywhere in town. You are solicited to part with this money by various window-signs which announce "English Bar," "Bon Marché?" "Liberty Bierhaus," "Café Washington," and—in a drugstore window—"English spocken. American understood." When a bulging wad of this money is pushed at you through the paying teller's window, you think of yourself as a Croesus, until you make a few small purchases. The business of paying in this paper money for some fifty-cent trifle somewhat resembles dealing a poker hand. Paying for so costly a purchase as a pair of shoes more nearly resembles dealing at bridge. Such is the result of a depreciation which has caused the Turkish paper pound to fluctuate between one-third and one-twelfth of its face value. Bills of lower denomination are blank on the back, and are often pencil-scrawled with Tommy's sentiments ranging from his desire for female society to some frank rather than constructive criticism of the Bosphorus metropolis. Here is a jingle which I discovered on the back of a 5-*piastre* note:

Après la guerre fin-ee
Old Blighty will suit to a T.
The Turk on his tower may yell by the hour,
The pips may parade on the quay
Bye-bye to your mud and your mosques
Your crazy old streets and kiosks—
Oh, I don't care a cuss who's the Bosphorus boss—
Après la guerre fin-ee!

Perhaps it was the above, together with what I had observed of Turkey, that set me thinking, "Who has been the real boss of the Bosphorus during the war, and why has he made so execrable a job of it?" And, farther, by what manner of bossism has Turkey's once great empire, based on three continents and bordered

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The British troops entering Constantinople in triumph, November, 1918, an event to gladden those who lived through the dark hours of Gallipoli. A Turk of the city type at the right

by half a dozen seas, gradually thinned itself away like a whittled stick? To-day the final remnant of Turkey in Europe is about double the size of New Jersey and about equal to it in population; while the area of Asiatic Turkey is double that of our nine South Atlantic states, and contains one and a half times their population—a comparison fairly in accordance with recent Turkish estimates which claim a total population of between nineteen and twenty millions.

These peoples represent some twenty-one races and ten religious creeds, yet it is not so much toward this heterogeneity that we must look in order to explain the whittling-away process as toward that past master of elegant bossism, the Turk himself. For four centuries he has indulged in his coffee-sipping, cigarette-whiffing spaces of mental vacuity, known in the vernacular as *keif*, a fair translation of which would be pipe-dream. For four centuries he has idly whittled his stick, content to spin himself tales of that racial greatness which set him above mankind's common sacrificial effort. And to-day he finds himself staring blankly at a dulled knife and a pile of shavings, with Kismet's whirlwind gathering behind the horizon. In short, he is the magnificent Playboy of the Eastern World.

A significant light is thrown upon him when we recall that his ancestors, the Tu-kuie of Chinese inscriptions, were a race of predatory nomads who swarmed out of Asia, subdued whatever peoples lay in their path, and passed westward without having constructed or integrated anything. Their sole talent was conquest, as witness the vast territories under their rule when they settled themselves at Constantinople four and a half centuries ago. And notwithstanding the enormous successive shrinkages of those conquests, and the obvious lesson involved, to-day's Turk remains but a thinly veneered chip of the old Tu-kuie block, incapable of integrating himself and his subject-peoples as a nation.

The reason is not far to seek. To him, these subject-races are but the *rayah*, or herd, provided by Allah to build his houses, make his roads, stock his harems, while he himself remains their master, either a government official, a tax gatherer, or a soldier. In fact, he is so loath to be confused with his subject-races, that when he dies he tops his monument with the representation of a turban, so that the death angel may not make the hideous mistake of snatching him up to the *rayah* heaven.

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In all this I have been speaking of the Turkish ruling class, the class that has ruined its country. It would perhaps be truer to say that a people can achieve no better government than the level of its education can enforce, than to say that a people deserves no better government than it has.

Rashly to generalize, the working-class Turk is a sober, kindly, gentle-natured chap, capable of a surprising amount of emotion and refinement—a good deal of a big child, he will weep at the sound of the Koran being chanted, although he comprehends not a syllable of its Arabic words. He will preserve a dog-like loyalty to his class-leaders, no matter how bad they are, in much the same way that the Negro body-servant of ante-bellum days loved his ofttimes dissolute and dashing young master. The Turkish masses have been used to a ruling class for over four centuries, and they have had no other than mosque-school education until within the past few years.

The common soldier is a case in point. This wretchedly clad man, who received daily but one small, black loaf, a tin of evil-smelling soup, and a few rarely materializing cents of pay, has yet an amazing war record of courage, fidelity, and endurance. "They bury us before we're dead," is the burden of his cheerful trench song, aimed at a scandalous army maladministration. Turkey has lost a good half of her three million soldiers—losses in which deaths due to ill-feeding, exposure, and lack of medical service contribute an appalling proportion. You see no walking convalescents in Constantinople, as you do in other capitals—a fact which speaks volumes.

As for Turkey's non-Moslem soldiers, their few months of army régime—that is, before they had been reformed into labor battalions—were not pleasant ones. Prussian army methods, and worse, prevailed. An American woman, living near a house where Armenian and Greek troops were billeted, was often awakened at night by cries and groans which, as she discovered, came from these men, who were being beaten. Upon her appealing to the Turkish officer in charge, he explained: "They are going to the front to-morrow, and we are illustrating just what will happen if they show signs of deserting. We intend to stop desertions."

The Turkish women are distinguishable from the alien races, by the veil which covers the hair and at times falls over the face. At the left is a peddler of soft drinks and lemonade

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But this is somewhat of an aside. The result of the Turk's having constituted himself among his subject-peoples as a kind of occupying army, a caste of superior beings who would scorn England's title "a nation of shopkeepers," has been that, beyond an army and government, he owns absolutely nothing. Commerce, shipping, finance—yes, and the very shops and hotels of his capital—are well nigh exclusively in the hands of those who have developed from subject-races into competitive peoples. The Jews and Armenians run a close race as keen traders and, as we know, when Greek meets Greek they start a restaurant! The Turk's representation in the professions, moreover, is almost nil, as witness the great preponderance of Armenian and Greek army doctors. He has no arts, no national drama. His few theatres are peopled by *rayah* troupes, who act European pieces in Greek or French. In fact, the Turk has side-stepped the dignity of labor for so long that he has become a mere parasite.

It is obvious that so heterogeneously peopled a state, based on a caste system and headed by drones, could only be made to cohere by consummate guile or frank force. Abdul Hamid essayed a Machiavellian policy whereunder an enormous spy system developed and suspicion stalked everywhere. It is still related how his officials confiscated a box of toy soldiers—supposed to be equipment models of some revolutionary army—and deleted from an importation of chemistry books each repetition of "H_2O" which the chief of the Intelligence (!) Bureau ingeniously interpreted as meaning "Hamid the Second equals zero." As for the British machinery firm that shipped over several large packing cases, it is no wonder that its consignment was returned unopened when the accompanying advertising matter was found to contain the damning phrase, ". . . . capable of creating two hundred revolutions per minute."

Actual revolution came at last, however, with the Young Turks of 1908. But these youthful idealists were soon swallowed up in a cynical executivism which, perceiving that liberty, fraternity, and equality would prove the deathknell of the Turk's hegemony over his subject-races, substituted the diametrically opposed principle of Pan-Turkism—a forcible fusing of all Ottoman peoples, who must live under one culture and speak one tongue. Thus, Pan-Germanism became the parent of Pan-Turkism; and indeed, as between these two countries, one finds the curious parallels of a dominant military tradition, a caste hegemony, and rulers who base their sovereignship on divine revelation. No wonder that Prussianism and Islamism embrace—at least, officially! "You must understand that this country is not for Christians," solemnly announced the chief of a certain Turkish hospital, when declining the services of an Armenian trained nurse. "It is for Turks, it is for Germans; but it is not for Christians."

THE RETURN

By Theodosia Garrison

THE great ship steamed through the upper bay
To the docks and the crowds that lined them,
The boys swung in to the shouting day
To the thousand hands that signed them—
And beside each lad, as elate and glad,
Stood the boys that they left behind them.

They came to welcomes that shook the piers,
To the eyes that scarce divined them
Seeing they yearned through glorious tears
To seek and to claim and find them;
And as straight and proud through the cheering crowd
Came the boys that they left behind them.

Glad as they faced the outbound trip
To the certain task assigned them,
Their souls came back on the homing ship
To the love that must hold and bind them—
With the mates they knew—to the honor due,
Came the boys that they left behind them.

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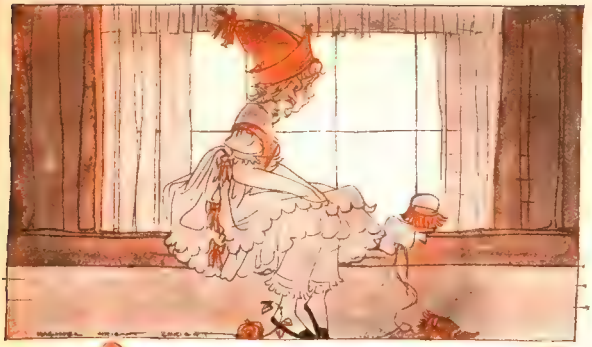

A PARTY PASSES

By Ralph Bergengren

Decoration by
Maginel Wright Enright

AFTER we've had a party
And everyone is gone,
How big and empty seems the house!
How lonely looks the lawn!

How long ago since breakfast!
How far away to bed!
And Oh, how strange the voices
When anything is said!

For grown-up folks are funny.
They never seem to know
How gay it is when people come,
How solemn when they go.

Perhaps they feel it just the same.
And when a party's through
They make believe they do not care,
The way I try to do.

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THRILLING MOMENTS

Told by the Boys Themselves

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

EDITOR'S NOTE—To the men who fight them, wars and campaigns have a habit of looking quite different from the published accounts. How did the gigantic conflict just over really appear to the two million Yanks who fought in it?

In order to find out we inserted last January in Paris in the *Stars and Stripes*, that journalistic wonder of the American Expeditionary Force, a series of advertisements asking the boys to tell us just exactly what had happened to them since they had arrived in Europe. No fine writing, no literary gems—just plain unvarnished facts, experiences they would never forget.

The *Stars and Stripes* carried our appeal to more than six hundred thousand soldiers scattered all the way from the Bordeaux docks and the Brest "cootie" stations to the storied valleys of the Moselle and the Rhine. And the doughboy took up his pencil and went to it!

Grave and gay, tragic and ridiculous, typewritten, in ink and in pencil, the answers poured into the Hotel Regina in Paris—a veritable human Saga of the Great War. They gave an impression of youth and humor, of courage and self sacrifice that is unforgetable. Almost pathetic was the reiteration of the phrase "Safe for Democracy" in those letters from Kentucky mountaineers and Oregon woodsmen, from Chicago gunmen and denizens of New York's East Side. Universal was the impression of the everlasting, eternal mud; of the "Rest Camps" where no one ever found any rest; of the small French freight cars which served as their Pullmans labelled cabalistically, "*Hommes 40, Chevaux 8*"; and of that companion but not friend of the doughboy, the cootie!

Outstanding, however, and to the eternal honor of America was the "Never Say Die" character, the unquenchable spirit and everlasting "punch" which those letters revealed—a spirit that took count of nothing save the goal to be gained and that explains a thousand Argonnes and Château-Thierrys of which the world will never know.

Just to read the few of those that we have selected will make you proud that you are an American.

"The M. P. said to put on my gas mask and take the left trail"

THROUGH A RAIN OF STEEL

AFTER a long march from Alsace-Lorraine to the Argonne Forest, I took a detail of men as mounted couriers to deliver messages to our men who were fighting up at the front. Captain Morgan and I established an advance message centre in a German dugout in the woods. The messages were given to us to be delivered to the different organizations. On October 12, so many orders came for us to deliver that all of my men were on different errands except the captain and myself.

He said to me, "Sergeant Brown, take this message

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to Battalion Headquarters of the 328th Infantry. This is an important message and it *must* be delivered at once; as there is no one else you will have to go."

I took the message, saddled my mount, and galloped off. The night was rainy with a heavy mist. I came to a place where the trails crossed. There stood an M. P. I stopped my horse and asked him how far the place where I was to go was from there. The M. P. said to put on my gas mask and take the trail to the left toward Battalion Headquarters.

Then I came in range of the shell fire. The shells began falling right and left. Suddenly someone shouted. It was another M. P. Said he, "Do you know where you are going?" I told him I did and stated my business. "Well," he replied, "you can't go no further on your horse. Leave him with me." This I did. The shells were falling quite rapidly and I'll admit I was scared, so I told him that if I didn't return by morning to take my horse back and tell the captain that I was on my way to Berlin. I took up my journey again. After I had gone several hundred yards, I began to get uneasy, fearing that I had passed by Headquarters.

By this time the bullets from the machine guns were peppering against the trees and bushes just in my face, so I dropped on my hands and knees. A few hundred yards further on I came to Headquarters. The major was surprised to see me. "How did you get here," he asked. "Didn't you know that the Germans were trying to unload an ammunition dump on us to-night." I asked him to sign the order and let me go. He said, "You can't possibly go back until the barrage is over." But orders are orders and I had to go back and report whether the order had been delivered or not. So I proceeded to start back on my hands and knees from the dugout. I hesitated and thought of what the major told me. I came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake; they were trying to send over an ammunition factory instead of a dump.

I went back with no guide but a small wire which was put down on the ground for such purposes. About half way back the wire had been cut by a big shell. I groped around for a while, but could not find the other end of the guide wire anywhere. While maneuvring around I found a big shell hole. In it I saw three of my comrades, so I crawled in between them for protection. Nothing was said for a long time. After a while I thought I would get some information from them, so I started to ask questions. But I could get no reply from them. Finally I touched their hands. They were all dead!

While I was sitting quietly in this hole I heard some one coming. I was afraid to cry out for I did not know who it was. Suddenly a voice said, "I wonder whether Brown ever got to this place or not. I'm lost; can't find Headquarters."

I spoke up, "Is that you, Jack?"

It was he—a fellow courier. He had hold of one end of the wire and I the other, so we connected the wire and passed each other. He delivered his orders on the loose end, and I found my horse on the other end.

You may be sure I thanked my God for letting me through the rain of steel.

KEEPING THE HUNS ON THE JUMP

WHEN the war started I enlisted, and in March I found a chance to volunteer in a replacement detachment that was leaving for France. I was assigned to Battery E of the 44th Artillery, C. A. C., and it wasn't long before the outfit was on the front but in a quiet sector. Once in a while Fritz would toss over a few, but they never landed close enough to think about them. I will never forget the first shell I ever heard. We were working around the gun pit, digging powder magazines and policing up (the new recruit is always lucky enough to draw this job), when I heard a strange wheezing, whistling sound. At that moment I was just outside of the camouflaged pit. I straightened up. My movement was followed by the rest of the recruits. Whe-e-e-e-e-e-z-z-z came the sound through the air. Slowly, very slowly, my body began to bend, my neck was drawing farther and farther down into the collar of my coat. B-A-N-G!!! I gave one jump and sought shelter—where?—under the wire camouflage! That is foolishness of the mind. Even after I had heard these shells for more than six months, after I had seen the way the shrapnel tears and maims, I always feel safer if I am under cover even if it is only a bit of wire camouflage.

It was rumored that the Germans were soon to launch a huge new attack. On the twelfth of July, our captain gathered us together and spoke to us. He explained our position and our part in the huge defense; we must be prepared for anything. Then he read to us the words of that wonderful soldier, General Gouraud, commander of the Fourth French Army, to which we were attached. His words will go down into history, the words of a man modest and quiet, yet speaking with a force that commands confidence:

"To the French and American Soldiers of the Fourth Army:

"The attack may come any minute. No defensive battle has ever been started under more favorable conditions. We have been warned and we are watching. We are plentifully reenforced in infantry and artillery. You will fight on ground which your hard labors have transformed into a powerful fortress, a fortress that will be unconquerable if all the passages are well guarded.

"The bombardment will be terrible. You must sustain it without yielding. The attack will be powerful in a cloud of dust, gas, and smoke. But your position and means of defense are formidable and you have the courage of free men.

"No man must look behind him, no one must give way one step. Each man must have only one thought in his mind: To kill, to kill! to kill many, to kill until

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sufficient have been killed and that is why your general says to you, 'You will brave this assault and it will be a day of glory!'

(Signed:) GOURAUD."

This made a great impression on us. At that moment a whole army could not have broken through. The captain then picked fourteen men from the ranks. "In case," he said; "if in spite of all our efforts the Huns break through, it will be your duty to hitch the guns to the tractors and accompany them when they pull out. The rest of the battery will advance in front of our position with fixed bayonets and their ammunition, and attempt to delay the Huns until the guns are safely over the hill."

Those were our orders. We were now anxious to start, to keep those confounded Huns from breaking through. Two more days passed quietly by. Then—on July 14th, at eleven o'clock—we heard the sound of "call to arms." We awoke from our sleep in a literal inferno of noise, flashes, and arose quietly. The air was split by the terrific rumble of artillery; it sounded like a drummer rolling on his drum. The night was lit up by the innumerable flashes of light in all direction. The fifth German offensive had begun. In a twinkling the guns were manned and our four "big boys" began their accompaniment to this grand concert.

All night long the gun crew worked, incessantly ramming home the heavy projectiles. It was not more than an hour after we began that the klaxons sounded "Gas!" For an instant we stopped to put on our gas masks. There in the dark we carried those "iron-rations," sweating from every pore, the sweat blinding us in our gas masks. The shells were falling close now. We could hear them whistling just over our heads and exploding with their nerve-racking "B-A-N-G!" in the field behind us. Here and there a man would catch a piece of flying shrapnel, but luckily no wound was very serious.

ABOUT three o'clock word was received in the Battery Commander's station that a division of German cavalry was preparing to charge from a strip of wood directly in front of us. Every gun in the vicinity was trained on this spot. Each gun waited the word to fire. Sixty-four heavy field pieces, their noses pointing in the air, waited the word to burst forth. From way back in the Divisional P. G. came the order to "Stand by!" A moment passed! Then, "Fire!" Sixty-four projectiles landed in that wood simultaneously among that thickly packed mass of horses and men. In another instant, sixty-four more arrived. For a quarter of an hour these guns mercilessly tore that wood apart. That German cavalry never made its charge! It was that *coup de main* that saved our little sector.

Around seven o'clock the firing let up a bit. Gas had disappeared and we removed our masks. The shells were still coming over but we paid no attention to them. We had stood the night's test. We were ready now for anything. No one had to tell us the Germans had been repulsed—we knew it! Fritzie was a "gona boy." At noon we stopped firing and looked over the country. Then and only then did we realize just how much steel had been hurled at us. All around us were shell craters, a projectile had hit in our powder magazine but, thank God, it was a dud. Only ten of our men had been hit and not one was in serious condition. There in the warm sunlight we saw hundreds of planes circling overhead like protecting eagles watching for our safety. We fired off and on for three days and then we quit. There was a reason—we were "out of range." After a day of rest, we dug out our platforms and moved.

OUR new positions were to be in Champagne near the little town of Bacconnes. I was with the Battery Commander's station, and with the signal detail we went ahead to set up our station and run the telephone lines. Our truck was loaded to the top and the six of us perched on the material, holding on as best we could. Our route lay through the town of Suippes. As we approached the city, I noticed numerous rockets being sent up from the direction of the front. They were sent up in groups of two, three groups at a time. This is the signal of "Enemy airplane overhead!" I could plainly hear the hollow "rhu-u, rhu-u" of a heavy Fritzie bomber and I knew that there were more than one up there. We were running on a road that was lined on both sides with trees, and their branches interlaced overhead. The night was dark, so I remarked to my buddie, "He won't be able to see us; we're camouflaged in great shape!"

We now reached the outskirts of the town, the trees giving way to the scattered buildings. As we entered the town we noticed it was entirely deserted. The rumbling of our truck sounded like a marble rattling in an empty shell. At one of the street corners we saw two Frenchmen in uniform. Stopping the truck we asked them, "Are we on the right road to Bacconnes?" After we had received their "*Oui, oui,*" we thanked them and started on. No sooner had we moved away from the corner when, B-A-N-G! The Boches were bombing us! The bomb fell just where the truck had stood a moment before; it blew the two Frenchmen to atoms. In an instant B-A-N-G! Another bomb dropped about twenty feet behind the truck. The driver jammed on his brakes and the truck stopped dead. We all jumped! At this instant B-A-M! the third bomb dropped just in front of the truck. As we hit the ground I heard one of the boys mutter, "Ouch," and stumble, but get immediately to his feet. Another whispered, "I'm hit!" I felt a stinging sensation in my right leg.

We took shelter for a moment in an open doorway. The force of the bombs had loosened the roof of the building and plaster and dust fell all over us. The engine of the truck was still running and there were other Boches overhead. We quickly decided to get away from there; skirting along the walls of the buildings, keeping out of the whitened street, we came to a courtyard and there we stopped. As we stopped one of the boys collapsed and fell on the stone pavement. He had been hit in the arm and his heel had been torn away by a piece of shrapnel. Another fellow was hit behind

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'Here, Violet, wear these roses' ... 'I will wear as masks'

Go gle

the knee. My leg did not trouble me so I knew that I was all right. With our first aid packs, there in the dark we ministered first aid to the boy on the ground. After we completed this the corporal of the signal detail picked him up and carried him to the corner while I went in search of an ambulance. I stopped one (there were enough in the town that night); and the four of us got in. My, but that man could drive; he scarcely touched the ground! I would swear that he was going seventy miles an hour. When we reached the hospital, the corporal, ignoring the attendants, carried the boy into the room. He was taken into the operating room immediately. While we were waiting, the corporal stepped over under a light, placed his hand in his blouse, and drew it out. It was covered with blood!

"Why," I exclaimed, "you're wounded!"

"Oh," he said, "'tain't much!"

No, it was not much. Only a shrapnel hole in his breast that had broken two of his ribs. No, it was not much! He hadn't even spoken of it and he had carried a comrade who was also hit. I'll say here that I made sure the authorities heard of it. He now wears a *Croix de Guerre.*

A little iodine fixed me up. A ball had pierced my leggings, trousers, and socks and then just chipped off an atom of flesh. The ambulance was returning to the city, so I decided to go back to the other fellows. I found them where I had left them and together we went back to the truck.

The first of September found us again on the move. Our destination this time was St. Mihiel. The attack began at one o'clock on the 12th of September in a torrent of rain. The rain pelted down unceasingly and our boys were soaked through and through, waiting for the word to start. At one o'clock the attack began with the artillery bombardment. The rain did not let up one particle. The men, a mass of mud from head to foot, begrimed with the smoke of bursting powder, taxed to the uttermost in carrying those heavy projectiles through mud that was thigh deep, worked on silently and efficiently. At five o'clock we stopped firing—and the infantry "went over," keeping close on the heels of the innumerable tanks that sprang forth from nowhere. At nine o'clock we were already "out of range," St. Mihiel was won, and not one shot from the enemy came in our direction.

One little incident of St. Mihiel that I shall always remember is the conversation of two of my buddies who were sent after a reserve supply of fuses. The night, as I said, was pitch dark and the fog and rain hid everything from sight. The boys could not see a step in front of them but trusted to their sense of touch. In dragging themselves through the oozing mud they became separated.

"Hey, Bill," says Jack, "where are ye?"

"I'm here," says Bill.

"Where's here?" says his buddie.

"How in the blankety blank d'ye think I know?" answered the disgusted Bill.

There was to be a local raid on the morning of the 11th of November, and the artillery preparation had been going on all through the night. At seven o'clock the infantry started over. They gained about five kilometers when the news of the armistice reached them. We were still throwing our barrage over them when a courier, covered from head to foot with splashing mud, stumbled into our B. C. He saluted and handed an order to our captain. Its contents were:—

"Hostilities will cease to-day at eleven o'clock. No man will leave his position or hold any intercourse whatsoever with the enemy."

The guns were loaded! They must be fired! Word of the armistice was sent to the guns. Then the order, "Battery, stand by!" was given. There was a moment of quietness, the muscles in every man were strained. "Battery, fire!" With a cheer that even the explosions of four guns could not drown, Battery E put over its last shot of the war.

CORPORAL HARRY A. HOFFMAN
Battery E, 44th Artillery, C. A. C.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

MY DEAR SISTER:

I believe I wrote you about the French boy that we have with the Battery. He lost all his people in this war on the border of Belgium, so we got permission to take and bring him up with us, and when we get home our captain is going to adopt him. He sure is some kid; he is as happy with us as a baby with a new rattle.

You remember big Joe I wrote you about? The lad that was a gunman in the tenderloin in Chicago and spent the best of his young days in jail, that was sent to us with the first draft that came over?

Well, Joe has been in the guard house for going against regulations more times than a Hun sniper ever fired a rifle. Joe was as good a fighter as any man would want to go over the top with, a man who did not fear man or beast. But he would break out just as soon as we got relieved and went to the rear for a rest. He'd go away and stay for two or three days at a time, and the first man to ask him where he was had a fight on his hands.

Our captain was going to have him transferred when the kid showed up, and would you believe it, the minute Joe saw him his attitude changed completely.

It seems he had sort of adopted a kid in the States that sold papers and lived at the Newsboys' Home. Joe and that boy back there in Chicago got to be great pals. One day, trying to make a sale, the kid jumped on a car and in getting off fell under a big truck and was killed. When they laid him away, it kind of broke Joe up. He told me when he saw the French kid it made him think of his little pal. We call the boy Joe, and

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"Joe got on one of the horses, tied his handkerchief over his mouth, took the kid, and made for the open road"

where one goes the other goes with him. You never saw such a proud soldier as Joe and our boy. That kid sure has made a man of him.

One night at Soissons we tried to make the road back to our spare line with the Battery, after three days and nights of the hottest artillery firing the Huns ever got, when Fritz put over a barrage of gas that made the woods look like London on a foggy night.

The American and French planes over our head were giving the Hun raiders as pretty an air battle as one ever saw. We tried about every way under the sun to make that road, but as soon as a team hit it they was a goner.

I never will forget the agony of those poor dumb horses. We tried to get gas masks on them, but it was too dark at times to see, and we had to work quick to save ourselves. I was driving a big wagon that night with the rations and everything happened so darn quick I forgot all about our little pal, who was wrapped up in my overcoat and asleep in the wagon.

I jumped down from the seat and was going to lead my team away when from the rear of the Battery came Joe on a dead run and asks me where the kid was. I pointed to the wagon and Joe looks in just as we got our second dose of gas.

I looks at Joe and he shakes his head, for he knew and so did I that we was in a pretty tight corner. The chances were ten to one that we were booked for a trip to the happy hunting ground unless someone found a way out through the rear, so we could hit the main road. I looked back of me and there was Joe with the kid wrapped up in my coat, and Joe's gas mask on. He hollered for me to hurry forward and in about ten minutes we found an outlet about sixty yards from the rear of the Battery.

I held the kid and Joe got on one of the horses, tied his handkerchief over his mouth, took the kid, and made for the open road.

I went back on the double and told the captain of our find, he gave to the rear, and in about twenty minutes we were out of danger.

I got mustard gas in my eyes and was taken to the first aid station on the crossroads, and as soon as I got my eyes open I looked around and there was Joe twenty feet away with one arm tied up and a bandage on his hand, and the kid about lost in my overcoat, with a Red Cross worker trying to get Joe to drink a cup of hot chocolate. The next day before the Red Cross train left, the captain and half the Battery came down to see us off.

I'll never forget that picture as long as I live. The captain picked the kid up in his arms and with the tears rolling down his cheeks shook Joe by the hand as the Battery cheered till they was hoarse.

The train pulled in and when they picked Joe up on the litter bound for a base hospital, he called the captain over with the kid (Joe was getting all in), he smiled at the Cap and the kid put his little arms around

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Joe's neck and kissed him. Joe smiled and fell over asleep, all in, but happy.

Ain't it funny what some men will do? I guess the guy that wrote "A little child shall lead them," was pretty near right.

Joe got his D. S. M. to-day and a letter from the Battery with a picture of the kid; and belie me, that was better than all the medicine in the h pital. He's as proud of that photo as a peacock w its feathers.

With love to all,

YOUR BROTHER.

IN A MACHINE-GUN NEST

WHEN we first went to the front, I was first carrier for a machine-gun crew armed with a French machine gun.

On July 15, when Germany began her last offensive, our lieutenant put our gun crew in a trench about three feet long and about two feet deep. On finding out I had no weapons he ordered me to go to my corporal's dugout and get his, which he was not using at the time. On returning to the trench to where the gunner and second carrier were, I saw the French on our right were falling back; we would have gone with them but for the orders of our lieutenant to stay where we were until he told us to leave.

The French, falling back on our right, naturally left a very large gap into which the Huns poured by the hundreds. That made them on three sides of us—front, right, and back. Watching the Huns so they wouldn't surround us, I looked around and saw the gunner fall, wounded in the face.

I grabbed the machine gun and pulled the trigger, but it would not fire. Thinking something was wrong with the clip, I took it out and put in another, but still it would not fire. Upon examining it closer, I found a bullet had gone through the aluminum barrel, putting it out of order. Meanwhile the Huns were trying to surround us, throwing grenades and shooting at us for dear life. Glancing back of us, I saw three Huns together, sneaking slowly toward us with some apparatus I guessed must have been a flame-thrower. That decided me and, before they got a chance to use it, I said it would be better if we got to where the rest of the platoon was, some fifty yards on our left. On reachi the place where the rest of the platoon was suppos to be, imagine our surprise to find no one there—th had also fallen back without letting us know.

At the moment I received a bullet wound in the le foot, the second carrier also was wounded, and w scattered. Both of my leggings came loose, and ever time I'd get a good start running they would trip m and down I'd go. Time being too precious to eithe cut them off or fix them so they'd hold, all I would d when I'd trip was to pick myself up and run still faster trying to make the top of the hill some 800 yards away.

Owing to the heavy evening barrage we had only been getting one meal a day for about a fortnight—a about 5 A. M.—so we were getting weaker and weake every day, until the above day when we got nothing to eat at all on account of the terrific barrage. Being pretty weak from this and from the loss of blood from the bullet wound in my foot, I could barely stand, much less fight. Nevertheless I decided to carry on and came across the rest of the company who stood pat at their position near the river. In a short while I was wounded again in my right shoulder; then I knew I was through.

I was bandaged by one of the boys and made my way back to the first-aid station. That night I arrived in an evacuation hospital and the Huns came over and bombed it, despite it having a thirty-yard red cross in front of it. Two days later I was enjoying blighty in Paris.

MATT. A. DUCHEK
Co. E, 38th Infantry.

A GOOD SAMARITAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

WE GOT the order to go over the top at five o'clock. As we were climbing up over the top of the trench, one of the boys of the 6th Infantry who was on my left about two feet from me, got shot in the right wrist and rolled back in the trench. I turned around to look at him and stood there as if I had turned to stone, whereat the corporal of my squad yelled, "Say you, come on up here. Where do you think you are at?" I was so excited I did not really know where I was at or what I was doing. I threw the tripod of the machine gun up on the top of the trench and climbed up after it, and by that time the 6th Infantry were advancing out across the field and they were hollering like a bunch of wild Indians. They seemed to enjoy the excitement of it all. We advanced about 300 yards and dropped down for a rest and, instead of me laying flat on the ground, I was on my hands and knees. And I had not been in that position very long until a machine-gun bullet from the German guns came so close to the back of my neck that I hastily lay so close to the ground that you would of thought I had grown to it. We made several advances until we gained a little village and dug some trenches so we could get under cover in case of a counter attack, and also dug another emplacement and set our guns up ready for action. We stayed there two or three days. Every

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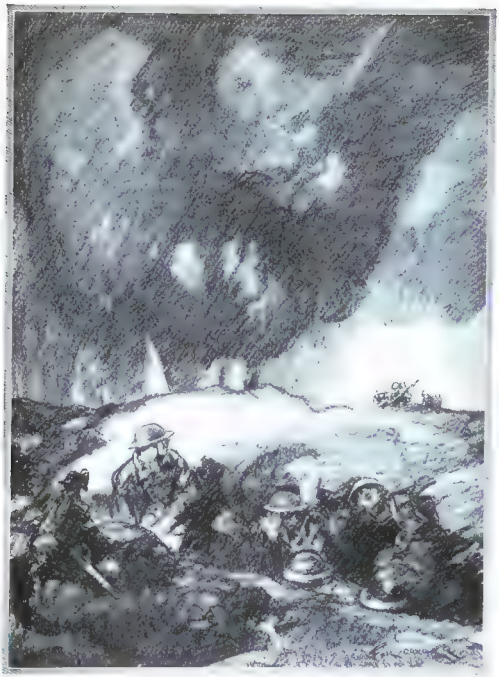

"Glancing back of us I saw three Huns sneaking slowly towards us with some apparatus I guessed must have been a flame-thrower"

night the gas alarm would be sounded about every thirty minutes and it was almost impossible to get any sleep at all, and we were all dead for lack of it. I think Sherman was right when he said, "War is Hell".

The country was rolling and we were advancing up a slope of about 70 degrees. The gas alarm would sound about every thirty minutes, and of course we put on our gas masks and we all had about all we could carry when we could see and breathe good, and we could hardly advance at all after putting on those masks.

Near the crest of the hill we dropped down for a rest and the Germans opened up with machine guns. They had one on each side of us. They were in front of us but they were both firing from different angles, and I lay there with my breast on the ground and my face turned to the right and the machine gun, which was

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shooting from the left, was just missing me by about one foot. The bullets were digging a little trench about six feet from me on my right and I sure hugged the ground. I heard some one say, "Oh!" and I glanced up to see a good pal of mine killed. Three machine-gun bullets entered his back and came out of his chest and he put his hands over his heart and said simply, "Well, they got me at last," and rolled over and died.

We made a rush over that hill and down the other side, and just as we got to the bottom we met two of the boys coming back with about fifty or seventy-five prisoners; and when the Germans opened up with their guns on us, the German prisoners jumped in the shell holes to get where the machine-gun bullets could not hit them. I shouted to one of the doughboys, "Make the Germans get out and take their own medicine," and he did.

We came to the next hill and here is where I was wounded. After an advance I was laying in a shell hole for a rest. A shell fell within six feet of me and the shrapnel spattered over me. I was laying on my left side and the shrapnel bullets caught my helmet on the lower side and went under my head and took a piece out of my ear. Then the bullet went down behind my left shoulder and entered my pack and went through a can of corned beef hash and through four boxes of hard bread. As I came to myself after the shock, I got up and went to a hospital corps man and got my wound dressed and started back to the first-aid station. But I had not gone far before I met a fellow that was suffering from a wound above his heart and he said he could get back to the dressing station if I would help him, so I put my arm around him and almost carried him. We got back near the top of one of the hills and the Germans opened up with a machine gun on us. We could see the dirt fly up at our sides where the machine-gun bullets were hitting, but luckily none hit us. We could only go about two hundred yards at a time for this fellow was bleeding from his lungs and it was hard for him to breathe, and we often had to drop down to keep from being blown to pieces as the Germans were throwing shells all around us. Just before we reached the first-aid station there was about an 8-inch shell that hit in the top of a tree that we were passing under, and limbs and pieces of the shell fell all around us. We went around a bend in the road and there was the dressing station, and we laid this fellow on the stretcher and I will never forget the look on that fellow's face. I gave him my last drop of water I had in my canteen and then they dressed his wound and they fixed me up and I started back to the hospital.

JOHN L. HUDSON
Co. D., 15th Machine Gun Battalion

"We could only go about 200 yards at a time—for this fellow was bleeding from his lungs, and we often had to drop down to keep from being blown to pieces"

The American Red Cross Agricultural Camp—known as "Camp Minnesota"—on the plain of Monastir

TAKING THE WEST INTO MONASTIR

By Lyman Bryson

UT of the great bountiful West the American Red Cross sent a mission into onastir. It went to help win e war, of course, but it did more than that, for it ought to those flat lands, lying stagnant and almost eless under the shadow of the granite hills where e Serbs held on to the last remnant of their country e creative breath of western enterprise, an inspiration m the fecund prairies and an impulse to redeem ose plains for greater productiveness in the future. Allied camions had hurtled along the Monastir road, d German contrivances for murder had been erected the north of the plain; but except for these two in- vations, and the military roads and railways which rried them, scarcely any modern thing had come into s region for more than five centuries. The garish le red and green farm wagons which the Red Cross t there from America were the first friendly advance ents of modernity to travel through the streets of ny of these huddled villages. Since the battle of ssovo, in 1389, when Serbia had to give up her sover- nty to the weight of Turkish power, the inhabitants this part of the Balkans have kept scrupulous guard er their ancient ways, their folk lore, their customs, and their tribal faiths. Until 1804, when the swineherd Kara George led the revolt which forced Turkey to recognize their autonomy, they preserved, often at the cost of persecution, their national individuality. For five hundred years they remained in the Middle Ages in order to remain Serbs and save themselves from absorption. The Great War has opened the gate toward the future, and the little wagons, sent by the American Red Cross, were the first tangible evidence of the new order.

The Red Cross Agricultural Unit, headed by Major Francis Jager, himself a Jugoslav, took seeds, farm tools, and machinery, solid evidences of a desire to help, from a land of world-feeding granaries to the centre of the Monastir Plain, rich in possibilities but reduced by seven years of warfare to a region productive of little but strife and famine.

This plain, frowned upon by encircling mountains, looks to American eyes like the Canaan of the Mormons, the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Oppressed by wars and tyrannies, the Serbs, who have scratched the earth with medieval plows and carried their scant crops in creaking bullock-carts, have had little chance to make their desert bloom. They have tried. They have

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Serbian refugees, exposed to all the rigors of winter, returning to their homes, on the top of box-cars. Below a cheecha, a Serbian too old to fight

given the patient, laborious, tireless effort that should have brought them plenty, but without modern machinery and modern science they could expect no progress. The prairies of Minnesota, from which the American unit went, are as flat as the plain of Monastir; but they are waist deep in ripe wheat when the Macedonian sun is blazing down on barrenness, and the winds which ripple the grain in the new West stir nothing but bitter dust in the ancient East.

The Monastir Plain is a problem of its own. In the spring it spreads as greenly inviting as the watered valleys of upper Serbia. Skylarks sing and clover blooms like a promise; but in June the rains cease for five months, the land cakes and crumbles under the beating sun, and only by dry-farming and irrigation can the region be made to yield a profitable crop.

To America the plain and its surrounding foothills are a warning of the evils of deforestation. Centuries ago the hills were covered with forests. The Turks from barren Asia Minor, coming as invaders to Monastir, destroyed the forests ruthlessly and, with their destruction, rainfall lessened and the streams ran dry after the spring freshets. Had reforestation been practised the Monastir Plain would be t day the same rich Balkan garde that it was in the fourteent century.

In April, 1918, the Red Cro Unit sailed from America. I was made up of Francis Jag and Coates P. Bull, of the facult of the State Agricultural Co lege; Samuel R. Moffett, eng neer; John Jager, architect, an Caryl B. Storrs, physician an secretary: all Minnesota me They took with them tracto and seeders, hand tools an wagons, harvesting machine and repair outfits, tar paper an seeds, pumps and passports, pe severance and potatoes. The were inspired with the spirit of the pioneers who, oth generation before, had made their own state from wilderness into a farm.

Their stores went to Marseilles and were reshipp in small, detached lots to Saloniki. From there they were sent by the main railroad to Sakulevjo, thence by narrow gauge to Rachmanli (the first station in th Serbian military zone) and, after being dumped i the end of a track where there was neither town no freight yards, were transported in auto trucks to th new American camp.

It was Camp Minnesota in the diaries of the me bers of the mission. In the tongue of the Serbs it w

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remljani, a deserted Turkish village whence the inabitants had fled as soon as war broke out and who ere in danger of paying accumulated debts of hatred. Kremljani had few inhabitants when the mission rrived to set up its camp. Its leading citizen was ieutenant George Georgevitch of the Serbian army. vith the help of a few *cheechas* (Serbian veterans) he as cultivating fifteen acres of vegetable garden for the rmy a few miles away.

Otherwise Kremljani was a clutter of wrecked adobe uts. It looked to American eyes as if a small city of ellow clay and red tiles had been picked up in the and of a whimsical giant, given a tight squeeze, and lropped. In this village and in many others in the egion were reminders of the Turk. Not far away, in nother heap of adobe ruins still occupied by Serbian easants, was a little graveyard with crosses knocked skew and wild grass running over the mounds. At usk the Americans heard the keening of grief-stricken women from this enclosure. Figures that could be carcely distinguished moved slowly through the negected lanes; figures wrapped in ragged shawls, stooped vith labor, sorrow, and privation. Over and over they sang in a moaning monotone the remembered virtues of their dead. On a slanting cross over one grave was the inscription: "Here is resting Tale Hristav, killed by Turks with knife and axe, on May 10, 1904, aged eight years; and his mother Dafina, who died of grief on May 23, 1905."

The Turks, however, were gone. Only a Serb could see hope in the present situation with the Bulgarian and German armies intrenched in the forbidding mountains to the north, all of his territory but this reconquered strip, eighty-five miles long by twenty wide, overrun, and millions of Serbian brothers and sisters, wives and children, in the hands of his enemies. But there were the indomitable Serbian soldiers clinging to what they had regained in 1916, after the Teutons had said the Serbian army was no more. There was the Plain waiting to be cultivated and there were five Americans ready with seeds and machinery to help.

With no thought of failure and no commerce with despair, the army hung to its eagle nests in the mountains and the world learned, in September, 1918, how Marshal Mishitch, with French and British help, finally gathered his strength and delivered the mortal blow that cast the Germans in one day from a line they confidently expected to hold for ever

No one who does not know them can appreciate the part played in this desperate drama by the *cheechas*.

They are the Serbian old men, or "uncles" as the affectionate nickname may be translated. In any other country they would be non-combatants, but Serbia has no non-combatants save the shattered remnant of a soldier or a man so aged and feeble that he can no longer bear arms. The *cheechas* who helped at Camp Minnesota and who built some of the best army roads were marvelous old fellows. They toiled arduously and with ever-cheery patience. Their labor was almost as heroic as the sacrifices of their brothers, in the retirement of 1915 when, hanging to the rear of a retreating army, they sold their lives one by one to the pursuing Teutons, holding back the enemy until their younger comrades could escape. In the main army were youth and strength, the hope of the future, and the *cheechas* willingly chose certain death to give the young men an opportunity to live and to redeem Serbia.

All the work at Camp Minnesota was done within the sound of ceaseless fighting and interrupted by occasional visits from hostile airplanes. The mountain peaks, fifteen miles to the north, were like living volcanoes in the torrid sunshine, sending up puffs of white smoke and emitting faint thunders in the continual bombardment. Amid these daily evidences of the big game in which they were playing a little, indirect hand, the Americans pursued their work, assisted by invalided Serbian soldiers and Bulgarian prisoners assigned to duty in Camp Minnesota.

The first problems were those of food, water supply, and housing Food was obtained from French army stores, Serbian army gardens, and the American Red Cross warehouse at Saloniki, 120 miles to the southeast. Two wells were dug, tapping clear, cold, subterranean currents from the mountains. An office and a combined storehouse and kitchen were contrived by reconstructing ruins of Turkish huts. Seven large tents, furnished by the Red Cross, served as workshops, storehouses for tools, and shelter for seeds and the finer machinery. Smaller tents were used for eating and sleeping quarters. An area of ground the size of a city block was leveled alongside the main road and christened Machinery Plaza. Here the heavy machinery was assembled and here, in front of a semicircle of big

Serbian women express, in their dress, their natural talent for embroidery, using gorgeous colors and metallic threads

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tents, rose three slender poles, pine trees sent down from the mountain front, from whose tops floated the Red Cross flag, the Serbian flag, and the Star Spangled Banner.

As the machinery arrived it was found that many heavy castings had been broken in the helter-skelter handling of several hurried ports. The breakage passed through the welding process in the oxy-acetylene hospital. Out of parts of six tractors they assembled tractor No. 1, though they had finally, when broken parts were mended and all the machinery was put together, twenty-five big tractors, two threshing machines, two saw mills, and a regiment of plows, mowers, discs, harrows, seeders, and hundreds of hand tools. The curious natives from neighboring villages formed picturesque groups on Machinery Plaza, looking, examining, discussing, and debating.

The peasants and the camp crew eagerly took instruction in farming machinery and methods from the Americans and borrowed from their supply of sorely needed hand tools, for the restricted area of reoccupied Serbia had been swept again and again by the ebb and flow of war and was bare of all sorts of utensils. The main aim of the mission was regarded by the Serbian authorities as one of supply and instruction. They anticipated that in the near future the better farming lands of upper Serbia would again be available, and there would be no need to try to cultivate the arid battlefields of Macedonia. The technical schooling received from the American mission was considered by them of far more value than the crop that might be raised on the Monastir Plain. Serbia once again opened to her people, a trained crew might move northward with the machinery to the fertile, watered valleys of Morava, Machva, Banat, and Syrmia. With this end in view the Serbian Army, immediately after the offensive of September, 1918, sent to Camp Minnesota an additional crew of twenty traction mechanics and one hundred convalescent soldiers who were land owners.

As the weather and soil conditions were such during the summer that a plow could not be put into the ground without breaking it, only potatoes were planted. This crop succeeded under irrigation. Of the car of seed potatoes shipped from America only sixty barrels were in condition to plant after the Bulgarian prisoners had sorted out those which had rotted on the way, but from these sixty barrels a good sized crop of seed potatoes was produced. These were the first potatoes ever grown in that part of Macedonia which, in itself, was a great forward step for Serbian agriculture.

In outlying villages some large tracts of land, sufficiently watered, were seeded with winter rye furnished by the mission.

The results in actual work were considerable, but when the mission was ordered home in the winter of 1918-19 the members felt that they had accomplished much more than the work which showed in what was growing in the fields. They had taught the Serbs something of the uses of the elaborate and sturdy American machinery which, in time to come, will enable them to cope with the production of crops on a large scale. The saw mills will aid to convert mountain forests into sorely-need lumber for reconstruction. The machinery itself was presented to the Serbian Government by the Red Cross when Serbia again took charge of her own regained country and the need of help of this kind was no longer so urgent. The peasants know something of American machines now; they have American seed and have seen Americans work.

The mission felt also that it helped to win the war, for before the great Serbian offensive began in the fall the plains had acres of grass which was rapidly drying up in the sun and the Serbian cavalry had no way of getting it cut fast enough to save it. Two American mowers were harnessed up with cavalry horses and were driven day and night, until enough had been stacked to insure the cavalry against a shortage. The hay was so dry that the blades of the mowers took on the polish of swords as they flashed back and forth through the grass by sun and moon. Fifty farm wagons, also from America, carried the fodder to the front and no one can say how important this was in making the offensive possible.

These mowing machines were worth their weight in precious stones to the Serbian army; the tractors and plows and other farming machinery will be worth as much to the Serbian nation in the future. Now that all Jugoslavia faces a food shortage that may be almost famine, when the men of an age fit to till the fields are few, when there are more helpless old and young to be taken care of than ever before, the Serbians will find that the American Red Cross left them a lasting source of help in the machinery and methods it has bequeathed them.

It is this help that will live longest in the memories of the Serbian people and it is this that the five Americans are proudest to have been the instruments in giving. It was the impulse to fruitfulness in the Monastir wilderness, the transplanting of the pioneer American spirit, and the means of conquering one more stubborn corner of the earth to make it serve man and bear food for his support and enjoyment.

"THE CAPTAIN OF HER SOUL"

HELEN KELLER, deaf and blind, is yet a graduate from Radcliffe. Barred by stupendous handicaps, she has brought her influence to bear on us all; she is known and loved in hundreds of American homes. Recently Miss Keller went to Evergreen Hospital to greet and help our blinded soldiers. Knowing every danger, realizing both the depth of despair and the height of hope, who could better show our soldiers the way out? Miss Keller could tell as no one else how life can be lived fully and with beauty in the face of bitter tragedy. In the August RED CROSS MAGAZINE *Miss Keller will tell of her visit to Evergreen.*

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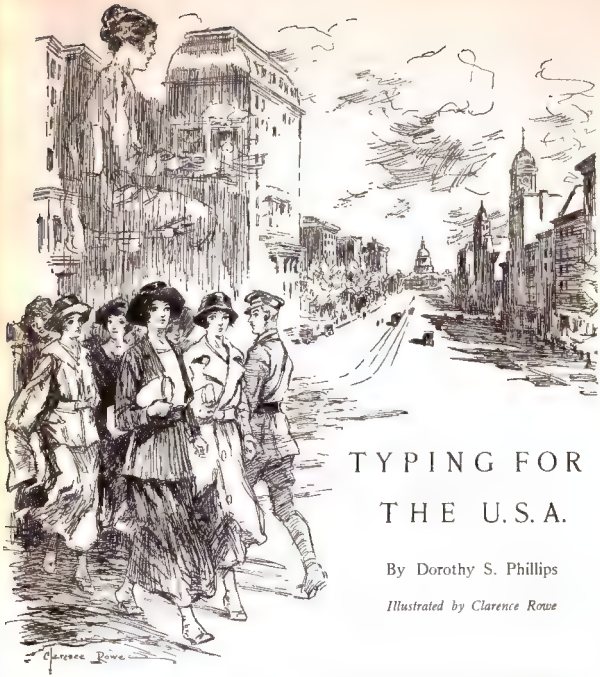

TYPING FOR THE U.S.A.

By Dorothy S. Phillips

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe

IT WASN'T only the young men who went out to war. There were thousands of young women, too. They were volunteers. They sought service. They besieged the Government departments and offices in almost countless numbers. Washington was full of them and full to overflowing. Many of them left comfortable homes and lives of ease, to undergo unanticipated discomforts. They were forced into lodging houses, stripped of their usual social life—and yet worked with spirit and enthusiasm and with joy.

These little bits, from the letters of a young woman war worker in Washington, disclose the temper of mind and the heart of these young women who worked with such zest and carried their lives with such indomitable good humor.

THOSE who are forced to travel every morning in the barbaric noise and jam of a New York subway or the crowded airlessness of Washington trolley cars are indeed to be pitied. How can they ever know the true joy and exhilaration of going to one's job? To capture that, one needs to walk, and walking to work in Washington is an inspiring ceremony.

With a little skip, you run down the steps and take your place in the hurrying crowds of Eighteenth Street. The sun is just creeping over the house tops, making early morning shadows on the sidewalk. The air is cool and clear, with a touch of frost, straight from the fields and the mountains. You take a deep breath and with a quick motion throw back your head. Above you, the

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blue skies smile down. "*Allons, enfants de la patrie,*" the inspiriting strains of the "Marseillaise" leap to your mind, and you fall into step, briskly, boldly, prepared to conquer the world. For you are walking to work; you are one with this hurrying, heterogeneous crowd: these pretty-faced, cute war workers of the short skirts and flaring fur coats; these many uniforms, the neat, trim yeowomen, the blue-caped naval officers, and these fine-looking, erect, khaki-clad men. You have reached that pinnacle of which you dreamt at college; you are earning your living, an "independent, self-supporting" woman, a part of this great machine, the Government, which is putting over a war in Europe—with your brains, and your nimble fingers and your typie, you are pushing forward, building up, creating——

You laugh aloud, and as you plunge from the sunshine into the dim building, your smile is radiant. "Good morning," you call gaily to the doorkeeper, your voice brimming with open joy; and you hurry down the hall to your job, your head alert, and your body pulsing with energy.

And if it's so good to walk to work in the morning what about walking home at night? In the falling dusk, with the soft night air on your cheeks, and the lights of the city gleaming in wondrous line along the avenues? No crowd now, only a few straggling workers, an officer or two, and the children going in to supper. The curtains are not yet down in the houses, and you glimpse the shaded lamps, and the intimate evening quiet of homes. Your feet lag a little; that pleasant feeling of weariness at having striven hard and well, and left behind a good day's work. So you smile gently, as you turn up the steps, your mind leaping ahead to the touch of cold water on your tired eyes, the comfortable relaxation of your bed, the restful, laughing talk of the dinner table, and perhaps -who knows? – a letter from home!

OUR FRIEND AND PLAYMATE, THE TYPEWRITER

TO THE student at the business school and the novice in the office, they talk a lot about the relation between employer and employee, how to capture and preserve that proper balance of friendly interest and absolute businesslike manner. But, I tell you, there is one thing infinitely more important, and that is your relation to your typewriter.

The typewriter combines all the varying, irritable, sensitive, human qualities with the cold unfeelingness of a machine. A creature of moods it is, and moods which are inevitably the opposite of yours. Sometimes it is placid and meek; but at other times, especially toward the close of the day, when you are growing tired, it develops a capricious waywardness and indulges in those practices of malicious deviltry, of which only a typie is capable.

In the mechanical control of this beast, they instruct you at school; but to master the typewriter's temperament—that is an art which only experience can teach.

The first, second, and last rule is always: Be Boss!

When on the first day at your new job, they take you to your desk and introduce you to your machine, assume a virtue if you have it not. Look it straight in the eye! Then sit down nonchalantly and play upon it with a proprietary manner. Make it understand that it is yours, to do with as you will! For if it ever gets into its head that you belong to it, if you begin to kowtow to its magical influence, and burn incense in its favor, if you become nervous at the slipping of your fingers and with fear in your heart acknowledge its power, then indeed you are lost! But cow it with a haughty glance, browbeat it, make it your adoring, neglected slave and perhaps some day you will acquire the clicking speed and the easy, indifferent air of the real stenographer.

ENTERTAINING ONE'S BEAU

WON'T you come in?" I ask dutifully, when my soldier suitor brings me home after dinner and the movies. But there is a hesitation, a lack of cordiality in my voice, and a little pucker on my forehead as I look up at him.

He shrugs his shoulders. "What do you think the chances are?"

For answer, I ascend the steps. He follows and silently we gaze into the parlor windows of my boarding house. The shades are not down, and with perfect clearness we can see the usual familiar group gathered around the table for cards. Take my beau into that crowded room, and try to talk to him under the teasing eye of Mr. Foote, or the suspicious gaze of Annie, the flirt?

My suitor laughs. "Same old story! Let's go around the block and down through the park. You aren't cold, are you?"

For answer I stamp my foot with a rebellious feeling. "I don't like it. I'm used to having a home and a place to entertain my friends in. This business of sitting in hotel lobbies, and walking the streets——"

"Well, I don't like it either," he is serious this time. "But what are you going to do?"

"And it's cold to-night, too"

Indeed, there is nothing appealing or attractive about the half dingy, forlorn street and the bleak park with its bare trees and hushed foot-steps. The comfortable living room at home wavers before my eyes. That I should come to this, I think half tragically—in the service of my country!

"And my feet are frozen," I add irrelevantly.

"All right, we'll go in and sit in that sort of landing place in the hall."

I acquiesce with a sigh. Once before we tried that. The baby in the room near by wept and wailed; a girl

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ground out with false notes and halting rhythm the "Humoresque" and the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin"; and for some inexplicable reason all the inhabitants of the house seemed possessed with the desire to run up and down stairs, a process which, of course, included a friendly and very complete survey of my beau and myself. A r o u n d us, doors opened and shut continually; and red kimonas dodged into the s h a d o w s with little startled giggles. Altogether it was not an ideal place to entertain a suitor but——

"Come on," I say bravely, as we pass by the battery of glances from the parlor.

But woe upon woe! The landing is already occupied. There in full view, Marjorie has gathered the forces of her sparkling eyes, rouged lips, and pearl earrings, to vanquish forever her major.

We descend again to the entrance hall. Out into the cold streets again——

"There's the dining room. Nobody's in there," suggests my suitor, the ever-practical.

At that, I cannot suppress a little hysterical giggle. "The dining room!"

We enter and turn on the lights.

"Why, this isn't half bad," he says cheerfully.

"No," I assent, sinking into a chair.

It is quiet and warm and, best of all, out of range of curious eyes and ears.

For a moment we gaze silently at each other across the uninviting table. The white cloth stares us in the face; the heavy glasses, the rather gray dishes, the sugar bowl (for the war is over), and the syrup leap up to meet our glance.

"So this," whispers my suitor, "is being a war worker?"

His twinkling eyes meet mine, and we burst into unrestrained laughter. For what matters it if we do have to laugh and talk over the salt shaker and the vinegar bottle, as long as we can laugh and talk? We defy the white table cloth and the syrup to come between us!

"Take my beau into that crowded room, and try to talk to him under the teasing eye of Mr. Foote, or the suspicious gaze of Annie, the flirt!"

THAT WONDERFUL OFFICE!

HAS any one ever remarked that an office is a dull, gray place, full of form letters, dry business phrases, and arid hothouse air? By such fantastic inventions let no one be deceived, for they are not true. An office is in reality an intensely alive, vibrating place. It overflows with the pulses of humanity, people working together, thinking together, and fighting

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"Has Jack called me up yet? If he does while I am out, hold him!"

together, clashing personalities, brains up in arms! The air tingles with adventure, comedy, romance!

The paper knife tears open the letters with that little scratching sound—a sound which thrills the heart as the bell that rings up the curtain on the play—and out falls fragments of human lives, gathered from all over the United States.

"I ain't got no home," says one, "and I'm working as a day laborer, trying to buy one. I'll have to buy wild land and improve on it——"

"I'm only a small boy and I need a pair of shoes."

'Will you please send me a pamphlet on 'How to Preserve the Soldier's Respectability?'"

"We have a big family and all the money we have we need to live on, so please have mercy on us and——"

"Will you tell us how soldiers 'fight'? We've got a band. It is called the Black Nights."

The dictator hems and haws. We suspend our pencils, looking dreamily out of the window, and then, "I don't want you to think that I relinquish my idea of being connected with your concern——" "We take this opportunity to thank you for the splendid assistance you have given us. We are counting on you to stand by in the future——" "You probably haven't heard but Bill was killed last week in France——"

The door opens and the little stenographer with the merry eyes pokes her head in. "Has Jack called me up yet? If he does while I'm out, hold him!"

Dry? Dull? Do you say? There is romance in the jingle of every telephone bell, in the four buzzes that summons one to dictation, in the whistle of the messenger boy. Everywhere are tragedies, comedies, stories, pieced together from letters, hidden away in chance phrases of one's employer and the turn of his voice, or openly revealed in those confidential, over-the-typewriter conversations, when our fingers drop to our laps and the keys are silent, and we talk—of ourselves, our jobs, our beaus, of love, marriage, ambition, philosophy, and—life! And the drab walls melt away and the smudges of carbon paper vanish from our hands. We are in an enchanted palace surrounded by those most magical of beings: human, working folk!

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GOING TO CHURCH

SUNDAY morning! The most sacred time of the whole week, set apart from all other hours on a pinnacle of glory! A quiet hangs over the world; even the milkman's noisy step is subdued, and the alarm clock sleeps. Eight-thirty, the hour when usually we are jamming on our hats, hurrying to grab our pocketbooks, or else peering with feverish eyes at the slow approach of the postman—eight-thirty sees us stretching lazily in bed, and indulging in that wonderful pastime of a leisure class: chatting!

The procedure for Sunday morning is as inevitable as the working day. Boldly, without a whiff of conscience, indeed with a little trace of deviltry, we linger over our breakfast, read the funny papers, and then do just what we want to do, which means, usually, doing quite conscientiously those things that we have left undone: the week's washing, a month's mending, and that sacred duty, writing home, between time talking to each other and replenishing the fitful fire lest we shiver too much. Why is it that the weather man always decrees that Sunday, our one day at home, should be the coldest day of the week?

But, to-day, some fluke in the air, some impulse from within causes us to rebel against this immemorial routine.

"Let's go to church!" says Adelaide.

Great event! Church! We have not been to church since we've been in Washington; and suddenly our minds are full of inviting pictures: peace and quiet, dim lights through a rose window, and the outline of the fir trees against the chapel at college; and our hearts resound to the poignant beauty of the old familiar chants and half-remembered prayer-book phrases: "all sorts and conditions of men," "our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life."

So we don our suits and our white gloves and sally forth to St. John's. Soberly, quietly, in all reverence, we enter the portals, but there we are confronted with that bane of the war worker, that constant reminder of our subservient position: a waiting line! Patiently we stand, expecting every minute to be admitted. But no, the moments pass, the crowd thickens and presses forward. We are jammed in between plumes and a fur coat on one side and gaunt, angular khaki on the other. Some privileged mortal, passing through, jabs his elbow in our face. And from within comes faintly to our ears the sound of the choir, "Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

We wait in line to buy our theatre tickets for our amusements; we wait in line for our pay checks; we wait in line with trays and a calculating frown for our midday meal; and now, forsooth, we wait in line to pray!

Someone in front starts forward. A sigh of relief escapes our lips. The wealthy parishoners being seated, St. John's is preparing to welcome and house the stranger at the gate. Those behind us pluck up heart and push onward. We are jostled and jammed and crushed in the fight to get past the narrow doorway into the temple.

Football games, crowds hurrying from the Stadium, the New York subway with its familiar clatter, and the close quarters of humanity in the Washington street cars—of these this is but a frail reflection, but a reflection it is. A desire to giggle overwhelms me, then——

"Two," I find myself saying to the haughty guardian of the gate.

We glide silently up the aisle, and sink, breathless and thankful, to our knees. We are in church at last, in the House of the Lord.

THE WAR WORKER TRIES TO DISSIPATE

IT IS Saturday night, the play time of the week. Our spirits are up, and off we go for a bat, Ramona, Renée, and I. Before us lie the inexhaustible resources of the Capital of the United States; and joyfully we plunge into the streets in quest of adventure.

The movies! Of course! The lights and crowds of Ninth Street are like nectar to our hearts. Carefully we scrutinize the various offerings, and pick out with laughter and with purpose the most alluring, the most sensational picture. We are ready, eager, clamoring for thrills!

The movie is a bit disappointing, for it does not come up to the lurid ads before the door. However, we are still laughing and our hearts are light as we come out into the streets again. The night is yet young, and our bat is not over!

But somehow the other movies do not beckon us in. The only one we really crave has a waiting line extending around the corner. A little distrust creeps over us; and we stand hesitating in the middle of the sidewalk. It is too late for the theatre, and besides we couldn't afford it. Our desire for the movies has died and—what is there for us to do? If we were in New York, we would go over to Times Square and drink in with eager eyes the hurrying, holiday-like crowds. If we were in Boston, we would go awalking quietly along the esplanade under the cold stars, and watch the long rows of gleaming lights reflected in the river. But—we are in Washington!

The lights of Ninth Street suddenly grow dim, and the crowds seem small and dull. The laughter dies on our lips and a heaviness descends upon our hearts. Instinctively we feel that the bat is over.

"The only thing to do in this city," I cry in desperation, "is to pick up some soldier boys."

Renée and Ramona nod acquiescence. For a moment, the idea wavers tantalizingly before our adventure-seeking souls. Then we sigh, facing the inevitable. We are not the kind of girls who pick up soldiers and we know it.

So to round off the evening's dissipation we go into Huyler's and have a hot chocolate, and then, on the tick of 9:30, having exhausted the resources of Washington, we go home to bed.

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"The chair rolled on, down the corridor toward a great window, that looked out over an expanse of field with its promise of spring"

MAN'S FIRST NURSE

By Emily Frances Robbins

Decoration by W. T. Benda

THE boy smiled, because his wounds were hurting him so badly. It was in an old monastery in France that had been given over to our wounded. Hostilities had long since ceased, but for these sick ones the war was many months from being over. As this special boy lay there deep under the blankets, he looked like a little old crow. His thin nose stuck out like a beak, and prominent rims of bone encircled his sunken eyes. It was when the doctor drew away the blanket from his chin that I saw the boy was smiling.

The doctor said, "I am going to get this patient out of his bed. He's been in it three months, lying just this way without rest or change." At one side he whispered to me, "He's lost part of one arm, one leg and I am afraid he is going to lose the other leg." Then he exposed the bare arm that had been cut off just below the elbow. The poor skinny little member looked like the picked wing of a chicken. The doctor continued:

"I don't know how he's going to stand the pain of being moved, but he's got so much spunk I'm going to try it. Why, do you hear that boy over there, moaning and crying? The wonder is that every boy in this ward doesn't make the same noise. But this boy here has got it the worst of all of them, he has been in this ward the longest of any, and has suffered the most—and look at him!" They were lifting him from the bed to a wheel chair, a process that the doctor had dreaded because of the pain it would cause. And the boy was smiling. The more it hurt, the more he smiled. In his great eyes there was a God-like expression of kindness and goodness.

They made him as comfortable as they could, lying flat in the chair. An orderly was assigned to wheel him down the aisle. I continued my talk with the doctor. He said, "Do you remember that story by O. Henry, about a man who was so ill that he had hemorrhages, and his unscrupulous companions dumped him out on the grass to die? Well, of course when he hit that grass, the earth regenerated him. We shall do all we can for this boy in the hospital, but finally there is only one treatment that can pull him through—grass and earth and sky. All of us degenerate physically if we stay too long away from Old Mother Earth, whether it is from an overlong siege of wounds, or from working too long indoors. When she takes us back to her arms, she cures—good old healing Mother Earth, Man's First Nurse."

The orderly had wheeled the chair a distance down the aisle and had paused. The sick boy made a feeble gesture with his one hand motioning the chair onward. The long thin fingers were transparent like fins. The chair rolled on, down the corridor toward a great window, that looked out over an expanse of field with its promise of spring—the sick boy always smiling, and smiling.

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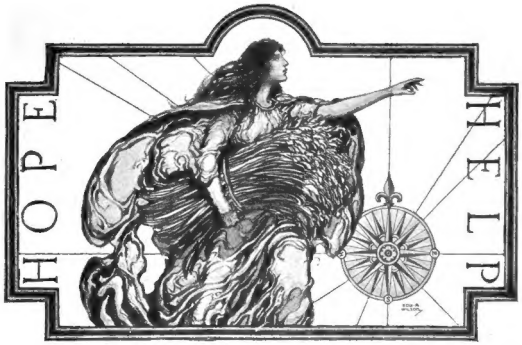

THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; each month's chapter based on recent cables, letters, and reports of workers in many parts of the world

IT BECOMES more evident, day by day, that furnishing food for millions and millions of starving people is an affair of Governments. The Red Cross is in duty bound to use to its fullest its resources to bring relief in the form of medical supplies, clothes, and food to the sick until Allied help arrives.

Recent developments in the Balkans prove that such emergency work is in itself a big problem. Twenty-four hours after the signing of the armistice fifty thousand or more Greek refugees began coming back from Bulgaria and Asia Minor over every road and mountain pass which leads into Greece. At once the Red Cross established relief stations at every point in Bulgaria, Turkey, and Macedonia over which these innocent victims of the war were likely to come. It despatched trainload after trainload of supplies to the areas in which suffering was known to be extreme and saved many thousands of lives.

Then began its penetration of the Balkan countries—a penetration whose method has ranged all the way from freight cars on Greek railways to mules across Montenegrin mountains—constituting a veritable American invasion of Jugoslav territory. To-day, indeed, in every city from Durazzo in Albania to Strumitza in Serbia and reaching from Belgrade to Saloniki, the Red Cross is distributing food, clothing, shoes, and medicines to the destitute, and is caring for the sick and wounded.

An idea of the surroundings under which this work is being done may be gathered from the condition of a town like Kavala. There are less than ten thousand inhabitants to-day in Kavala. When the Bulgars evacuated the town they looted it systematically, stripped the stores and banks, took all the food, swept the homes bare, and took not only all the furnishings but all the window glass, the door knobs and fixtures, and the electric light wires.

Children are barefooted, women in rags, the hospital filled with influenza and pneumonia patients. Added to which is the development of typhus among the refugees already come home. At one time, as a matter of fact, this plague raged throughout the whole Struma Valley where there were an unusual number of deaths, as there was a lack not only of doctors but of medicines and the hospital was woefully short-handed and in need of all kinds of medicines.

While the Allied Governments poured in food the Red Cross combated the typhus, relieved the immediate suffering of thousands of refugees and returned soldiers, and is to-day extending material relief in thousands of cases where the matter is one of life and death. On a

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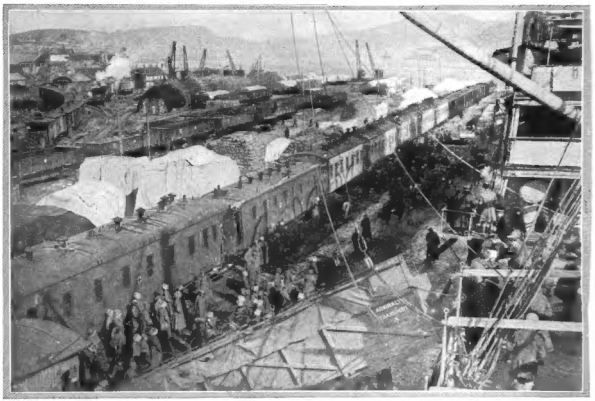

A trainload of Czechoslovaks arriving at Vladivostok—having travelled 4,100 miles—and embarking on the "Madras" for Trieste and home

large scale, this has been the work of the Red Cross in the Balkans this winter.

Some idea of its scope can be gathered from a glance at the amount of supplies which the workers in the Balkans have found vital to their task. More than twenty-five million pounds have already been distributed—supplies among which clothing, soap, and medicines have constituted the greater part. To Rumania alone more than a million yards of cloth and a thousand sewing-machines have been sent. In Greece four million pounds of supplies have been distributed. Serbia has received almost the same amount; and even to Montenegro, the smallest and poorest of the Balkan states, more than a million pounds have been sent.

In all these countries the Red Cross doctors and nurses, numbering nearly a thousand now, have been combating disease and trying to secure for the children a chance for existence. The task has been rendered exceeding difficult by the complete lack of food suitable for children and for the sick. Most of the hospitals also have been badly in need of blankets, linens, surgical dressings, and medicines. In addition many of the people have had only one outfit of clothing and the resultant uncleanliness has been favorable to the spread of disease. Among the poor the increase in typhus cases has been alarming.

In spite of all these difficulties, nevertheless, the Red Cross has been able to handle the situation. To-day few patients are dying because of lack of medical attention. Supplies of all kinds are within reach of the local hospitals and relief stations, and warehouses are being maintained at Ragusa, Spalato, Fiume, Mostar, and Sarajevo. Indeed, all the hospitals of Herzegovina and Bosnia, which are full of sick and wounded soldiers returned from Austria, are receiving aid from the Red Cross.

In Greece, in addition, courses in child welfare have been instituted and are being attended by Greek school teachers from all parts of the country. These young women are beginning to instruct others in their districts in infant hygiene and welfare. Along with these courses a number of infant welfare clinics have been established, and here young Greek women are trained as nurses' aides and given clinical demonstration of how children should be treated and how to distinguish the various types of children's diseases.

IN POLAND there appears to be some hope for a return to normal conditions. Paper underclothing is slowly disappearing and the genuine article is appearing in the shops in Polish cities and towns. Leather is also beginning to return, replacing the old combination paper and leather footwear. Once food can be secured in sufficient quantities Poland will be on a fair way to recovery.

In the meantime, however, the Red Cross finds itself called upon to meet all manner of emergencies. In Posen typhus has broken out, introduced by the prisoners returning from Russia. The Polish health author-

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ities have been enrolled in a campaign against the disease, infected men have been immediately quarantined, and prompt steps taken to prevent the spread of the scourge. It is vital for civilization just now that epidemics of this sort be shut out of western Europe.

From even as far as the Ukraine have come the demands upon the Red Cross Commission in Warsaw. Following the armistice between the Poles and the Ukrainians on the front below Kovel, more than thirteen hundred Polish prisoners were released. These have been transported, fed, clothed, and supplied with medical attention by a Red Cross relief expedition which went through the Russian lines for thirty miles and brought back the prisoners to Poland, where they were concentrated in a camp formerly used by the Austrians.

RED CROSS work in France is still moving forward on a big scale. Running canteens along the Moselle and the Rhine with the Army of Occupation; conducting hotels, rest houses, hospitals, and recreation huts in Paris, along the Riviera, and in many towns in central and western France; closing up Red Cross contracts as the army divisions sail for home and the Red Cross personnel sail with them—this expresses the military side of the work which the Red Cross is now doing with the Army abroad.

One of the most striking pieces of work was that of the big canvas tent-hotel recently built by the salvage section on the *Champ-de-Mars* in Paris, and turned over to the canteen workers for the entertainment of the American soldiers on leave in the French capital. Although it consists of fifty canvas dormitories, kitchens, and dining rooms and can house twelve hundred and feed sixteen hundred enlisted men every day, only eight days were required to construct it.

Here the Red Cross is mailing the boys' letters and answering their questions, feeding and lodging them, giving dances and good advice, telling them how best to see Paris, and then saying a regretful goodbye as the soldiers sail for home by way of Brest and Saint Nazaire.

In all its work in France at the present time, indeed, the Red Cross finds itself in much the same position as the Army—that of trying to close up in the best and most economical way all the vast undertakings which it was necessary to start in order to go through with a long war. Only in the work which deals directly with distributing clothing and supplies to the returning refugees of the devastated districts is there evidence of increase. It will not be many more months before the Red Cross will be able to withdraw entirely from its work among the civilian population in France, leaving behind it an indelible impress.

THE strength which will enure to the Red Cross, once the millions of Junior members graduate into manhood, is impossible to estimate. Simply as the result of the health campaign conducted by the Junior Red Cross and the National Tuberculosis Association, school children to the number of three million have qualified as crusaders. Not only has this huge number of young soldiers against disease met the enlistment requirement of health chores, but a large proportion of them is advancing through unremitted chores to knightly rank in health chivalry.

All over the world children are beginning to grasp with better understandihg the true Red Cross spirit. As far away as Shanghai, Peking, and Keeling there are now Junior Red Cross auxiliaries with an individual membership of more than two hundred and fifty. Along with the collection and production of refugee garments, the boys in Shanghai have gathered together thousands of pieces of used clothing which have been donated by people there for Siberian relief. In order to make it possible for isolated children to become connected with the Junior Red Cross movement, organized auxiliaries have taken in such children as associated members, and up to now more than ten thousand Chinese children have joined the organization.

Even in distant Archangel Russian children are becoming acquainted with the spirit which is the Red Cross. There are about one hundred and twenty-two schools in Archangel and the outlying districts, and here the Red Cross has been providing daily luncheons. The amount of supplies used is not inconsiderable—twenty thousand pounds of cocoa, sugar, crackers, and condensed milk last about six weeks—but much more valuable than even the noonday nourishment thus obtained has been the knowledge on the part of these Russian children that in distant America there were boys and girls thinking of them and endeavoring to help them in their hour of need. In the ice-bound port on the Arctic Sea, in the Red Cross Headquarters there, are many toys and letters expressing the appreciation of the Russian children.

In Vladivostok, also, on the other side of Asia, there are still other Russian children fed at the Red Cross soup kitchen and dressed in clothes made by their mothers in Red Cross workrooms. In one building alone, a cold cement barracks, there are two hundred and more of these children, from six months to fifteen years of age, dressed in full outfits made in the sewing room. Going out on every train, also, are many thousands of garments for children in other Siberian towns, as well as trousers and overcoats for refugees. All through Siberia the Red Cross is supplying soap, kerosene, and other household articles where these are lacking, and even providing food and entire outfits of clothing if necessary. With the help of the hospitals which have been established and due to the gradual untying of the transportation tangle, the Red Cross and its hundreds of Russian and Czechoslovak helpers are beginning to get a grip on the situation.

It will not be long indeed before most of the invalided Czechoslovaks will be returned to their homes by way of Trieste. The first contingents of Czechs thus homeward bound sailed from Vladivostok recently nearly a thousand strong in the hospital ship *Madras*, under the escort and care of the Red Cross doctors and nurses.

It is worthy of note that much of the Red Cross relief work which has been done in Siberia has been vigorously supported and reinforced by the chapters in Japan and China. At present there are twenty-four chapters and branches in China. Siberian units outfitted in Shanghai embraced in their personnel eleven

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doctors, sixteen nurses, eight ambulance drivers, four Chinese men, and twelve Chinese women. During the war these Chinese chapters sent hundreds of cases of supplies to help meet the needs in France. Latterly the refugee situation in Siberia has demanded practically unlimited supplies of padded garments and clothing of all kinds, and the Chinese chapters have concentrated their energies on this work. Large shipments have been sent to Vladivostok, and some of them formed part of the trainload of supplies which recently were distributed on the loyal Russian Omsk front.

IN THIS country the recreation service of the Red Cross is being greatly extended. Some time ago hospital recreation activities were installed in the various army and navy institutions for the care of the wounded and sick men. The same kind of help is now being extended to the thirty-two hospitals operated by the Public Health Service.

Red Cross workers of long experience and training in the cantonments and military hospitals are being assigned to carry out the programme of comfort and amusements which has been found invaluable in hastening convalescents back to health. Books and magazines, moving pictures and band concerts, vaudeville performances and motor rides—these are some of the methods of entertainment which will be provided for the patients. As in the Red Cross work in France and in the United States for the Army during the war, writing letters and doing such other things that tend to cheer the patient will form part of this service. Special provision is being made for the entertaining of the nurses as well as for supplying comforts to supplement recreation work. This service should prove to be one of the most helpful after-war activities of the Red Cross.

WHAT the future is going to hold for the Red Cross is becoming more evident now. The accomplishments of the last two years have been vast and inspiring. Wherever the call has been heard the Red Cross has been ready. The war programme, of course, has not ended with the armistice nor with the treaty of peace. Our army is still in Europe and, while France is rapidly assuming the responsibilities within her own borders, our work there cannot be ended suddenly. The calls from Poland, the Balkans, and Russia have forced the sending of new commissions to those countries to bring, in the name of the American people, that emergency relief in sickness and suffering which only the Red Cross is organized to carry.

Our immediate obligation is clear: to carry through to an effective end, at home and abroad, the war programme undertaken in the name of the American people. There remains the inspiring future where the new spirit of service, born of the war, and symbolized by the American Red Cross shall be turned to the prevention of disease, the relief of hunger and suffering, and the improvement of the conditions under which we live.

A 1200-cot tent hotel erected by the American Red Cross in the Champ-de-Mars, *in which to entertain American soldiers vacationing in Paris*

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